



No. 282.—Vol. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
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ISN'T SHE DAINTY? THIS IS MISS BLANCHE VAUDON IN "THE FRENCH MAID,"
AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS IN "THE RUNAWAY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

When Byron entered the school, and for many years afterwards, there were five classes, the first three taken in annual rotation by the three assistants, and Classes IV. and V. by the Rector, or, in Byron's time, probably by the "Conjunct-Rector." Thus each assistant-master in turn began with Class I., which he carried up with him, as II. and III., for three Sessions, after which he handed it over to the Rector. The succession of masters in this order is recorded since about 1714; and from this we infer that Byron's class-master was one Alexander Leith by name, whose sole title to distinction depends on the fact. The school then numbered 139 boys, varying from 132 in June 1796 to 156 in January 1798. Byron's class was the largest, numbering 38 boys in January 1796, but dwindling to 28 in June 1798, when it had become Class IV. The numbers generally afford some evidence of the popularity of the teacher with whom they commenced as Class I.

None of Byron's class-fellows attained any distinction, except James Blaikie, his senior by two years, who became Provost of the city in 1833, a man of conspicuous ability in his day. His statue stands in the vestibule to the Town House. The class above Byron's contained Andrew Skene, who rose to be Solicitor-General for Scotland.

The ordinary class-fee for the period seems to have been 2s. 6d., in a few cases 5s., probably including some extra. In addition, by the Town Council's rules, established in 1700, the school janitor was "to have for his pains from each scholar twelve pennies Scots quarterly." The low fees were, in fact, subsidised by a quaint custom of giving to the Master or Rector a gift of money each Candlemas Day, when the scholars were solemnly registered in a book, kept for the purpose, under various titles of nobility, according to the amount of their gifts. The book for 1747-68 still exists. For a sum of £1 or more a boy purchased the title of "Rex"; 10s. 6d. made him a "Princeps"; for 5s. he bought a patent of nobility; 2s. 6d. knighted him "Eques"; 2s. made him "Armiger"; "Plebeii" gave 1s., and in some years followed a long list of those who brought nothing, enrolled as "Servi." A class-fee register of 1789-90 still shows traces of the custom, once very general in Scotland, and described in "Aberdeen Worthies," published in 1832, as "usual with all the profession" some fifty years previously.

The building into which Byron was ushered was a shabby little one-storey structure, erected in 1757, on or near the site of an older *thatched* building, which from time immemorial had stood on the site of the present Gray's School of Art, and gave its name to the "School Hill." The present buildings in Skene Street, W., opened in 1863, preserve nothing of the old school but its traditions and the centre belfry and doorway, now built into the school pavilion, rescued by the present Co-Rector, Dr. Moir, when the ruthless hand of improvement swept the old school from its historic site. A desk in the old school "factions" (rows of benches) is said to have been carved with Byron's name; but, if so, the interesting relic has vanished. As "Geo. B. Gordon," or "G. B. G." (Gordons being common), it would scarcely attract attention.

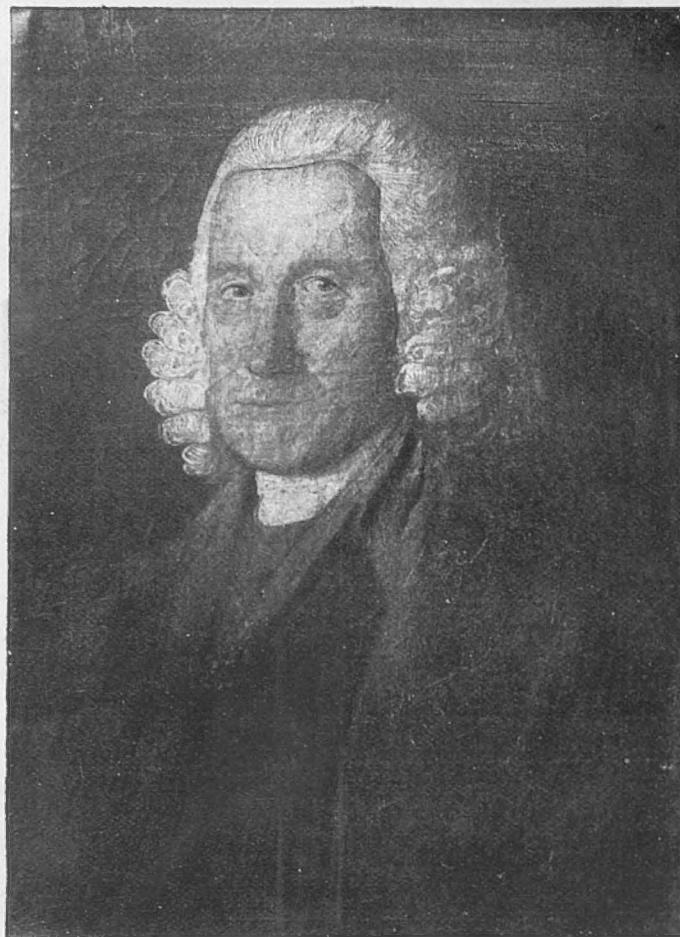
Thus daily—"at seven a cloak in the morning both in winter and summertime, except betwixt Hallowmass and Candlemass, when the scholars are only to convene at nyne every morning"—the future poet made his way from dingy house to dingy school, down the narrow Upper Kirkgate and up the School Hill, warned by the "jow" of the old school bell, which for 170 years had tolled his predecessors into school. Life in a Scottish school then, and for long afterwards, with its dreary monotony of Latin, could, at best, have been but a dismal discipline, occasionally enlivened by a "faction fight." Small wonder that Byron's tender reminiscences of school are all reserved for the brighter, fuller life and companionships of Harrow.

All the more joyous were the holidays, spent at the farm of Ballatrich, near Ballater, or the Saturdays perhaps, when the lame but active boy wandered out to the ancient Brig o' Balgownie, which crosses the Don near Old Aberdeen, a lovely spot which still seems to echo with

memories of its founder, Robert Bruce, and Barbour, the earliest of Scottish poets.

The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's brig's black wall,
All my boy-feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I then dreamt,

on which Byron wrote a note, "The Brig o' Don, near the 'Auld Toun' of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black salmon-stream below, is in



DR. DUN, WHO WAS HEADMASTER (OR "RECTOR") OF THE ABERDEEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL WHEN BYRON WAS A PUPIL.

my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son—at least, by the mother's side. The saying, as recollected by me, was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age—

"Brig o' Balgownie, wight's [strong is] your wa',
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a mare's ae foal,
Down ye shall fa'."

Young as he was when he left Aberdeen in 1798, the dreamer boy had experienced at least two "affairs of the heart," for his cousin, the "brown-haired, hazel-eyed" Mary Duff, living in a house near the "Plain-stanes"—the news of whose marriage a few years later "was like a thunder-stroke" to him—and for Mary Robertson, of the farmhouse of Ballatrich, where he spent his holidays, "when I rov'd a young Highlander"—

Untutored by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy
grew.

His name finds no place in the lists of prize-winners at the annual October "Visitations," when, by old custom, Provost More, or his successor, Provost Leys, came, attended by his red-coated satellites and the Baillies and chief ministers of the town, and, after a welcome of Ciceronian Latin from the Rector, distributed prizes from the Master's desk (the other visitors squeezed meantime into the front "factions") to half-a-dozen happy boys in each class, a Greek Testament to the "dux," a "Julius Caesar" to another, and, oh woe!—to one bobbing urchin the "rules of Latin Grammar." Such was the stern sense of utility in the "Bon Accord" of Byron's schoolboy days.

H. F. MORLAND SIMPSON.
(Rector of the Aberdeen Grammar School).



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ABERDEEN, WHERE BYRON WAS A PUPIL. IT HAS SINCE BEEN DEMOLISHED.

Photo by Valentine Dundee.

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THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

The Pressing Needs of the London Hospital have induced a number of newspaper proprietors and journalists to organise a

PRESS BAZAAR,

at which all the principal English journals will be represented. The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, THE SKETCH, and the LADY'S PICTORIAL will have a Stall together, Contributions for which, in money or fancy articles, should be forwarded to Mr. W. P. Chew, LADY'S PICTORIAL OFFICE, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

The Bazaar will be held at the Hôtel Cecil on June 28 and 29. The Hon. Secretary is Mrs. Alfred Spender, 29, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

SMALL TALK.

Parliamentary humour is notoriously ephemeral. It is hard sometimes for the outsider to understand what is the cause of the "loud laughter" which enlivens certain speeches. But there seems less humour now than usual. No new wag has been discovered in the present Parliament, and the old wags have become stale. Mr. Powell Williams, the Financial Secretary to the War Office, may aspire to the rôle of humorist, but his efforts are confined to question-time. Some of the late Mr. W. H. Smith's answers to questions were as happy as they were homely. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman also, in his answers as Secretary of State for War, showed a dry, pawky humour which was immensely appreciated. The present Ministers, as a rule, treat questions very gravely. All the more credit is due to Mr. Powell Williams for his venturesome efforts. Ever since he remarked to an inquirer about meat

He takes his Parliamentary duties in a pleasant, airy manner, his favourite seat being on the steps of the Speaker's Chair, where he can chat with members of the Government. Another member in whose button-hole may be regularly seen a dainty flower is Mr. Lucas-Shadwell, the representative of Hastings. Stock Exchange men are also accustomed to adorn their coats. Mr. Balfour, as a rule, dispenses with such adornment, and the same may be said of Sir William Harcourt. Sometimes when Mr. Gladstone delivered a great speech he wore a white rose. That probably was his favourite, if he had a favourite when he loved all flowers.

With the return of the third year, the Bradfield College boys are this week representing a Greek play in their open-air theatre, now enlarged to hold two thousand spectators. This year, turning to Sophocles (*Æschylus* and *Euripides* having already had their turn in 1892 and 1895), they are giving the "*Antigone*." The performance takes place



"ANTIGONE" AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE: THE SENTINEL TELLING CREON HOW HE CAPTURED ANTIGONE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. H. FRY, BRIGHTON.

that "the Financial Secretary to the War Office ought to have been a butcher," the House has expected a playful turn in his answers, and he does his best not to disappoint expectation. The jokes may be small, but they are his own, and the House likes them. Mr. Powell Williams belongs to the Birmingham set. He is a trusted lieutenant of Mr. Chamberlain. Disappointed placemen may grudge him the post he holds in Pall Mall, but he has proved himself one of the ablest of the subordinate members of the Government.

Button-hole flowers are worn by only a few members of the House of Commons. The orchid need not be mentioned. It is seen every day in the coat of a distinguished admirer. Mr. Chamberlain is faithful to the one flower. His son, the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, on the other hand, changes with the fashion. Carnations are at present in vogue, as might have been seen at Ascot, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain wears a huge bunch—almost too huge a bunch—in his coat. He dresses well, and looks very smart and bright. Colonel Lockwood has also blazed with carnations since their season commenced. The Colonel is the beau of the Terrace, where he was the means of introducing waitresses for the tea-parties which have become so fashionable during recent summers.

in the open-air theatre, in which all the conditions of the Attic drama are reproduced, masks alone excepted. Anyone who has seen this wonderful revival at Bradfield carries away a lasting impression of a stately and impressive spectacle. This year masters and pupils maintain the fine record of former years. The music of the choral songs, composed for the occasion, persuades one that it must be a good imitation of what was sung in the theatre of Dionysus at Athens. The restricted scale is faithfully recognised, and the effect is weird and haunting. Possibly there is one other departure from the antique besides the lack of masks—the acting is inevitably a little modern in tone, but the plentiful business helps out the story, even if it falls something short of the ancient statuesque ideal.

Rossetti's "*Blessed Damosel*" has recently been set to music, by Mr. Reginald Clarke, in the form of a cantata. It was performed for the first time at the end of last month at the Queen's Hall, when it was very highly spoken of and well received.

The address of *New Ireland*, the new paper for Young Ireland, is 61, Chancery Lane.

That nowadays the cordon is being drawn more closely about the invited of smart Season parties, no one who knows can doubt. Small reunions are in as great vogue for the moment as huge, all-embracing squashes were a little while back, and hostesses are now at special pains to announce that their gatherings are the reverse of big. Lady Derby was one of those, for instance, who took the trouble to send out written invitations, so that her party might take rank as quite informal and unrepresentative—an example which has since been followed by many who are minded in the same way. Mrs. Oppenheim, again, went even further, merely despatching dated visiting-cards—and not a few of the most enjoyable gatherings have been negotiated in this casual way of late. Of course, the meaning of it all is that, by such restrictions, one is enabled to ask the coterie one likes, instead of the battalions that compose one's visiting list; and furthermore, that such declared simple and informal invitations prevent the great unmasked from taking offence, a consummation to be devoutly avoided by the well-assured woman of the world as by the socially ambitious. It is always possible to have unlimited numbers, but it is not always possible to enjoy them. Therefore, I agree in thinking the "quite small" parties, so much in vogue this Season, are doubly enjoyable by reason of their well-filtered essential elements no less than by the limited numbers, which allow staircases, ball-room floors, and supper-tables to be comfortably negotiated, instead of congested to suffocation stage, as formerly.

The official announcement that Lord Lonsdale has resigned the Mastership of the Quorn Hounds will evoke more regret than surprise. Lord Lonsdale succeeded Captain Warner and Mr. W. B. Paget, who shared the sorrows and glories of mastership in 1893, so he has been at the head of affairs for five seasons, a period rather above the average in the records of the Quorn and Pytchley Hunts. From two years to four of office satisfies most men, and not a few have found a single season content them. The combined task of showing sport four and often five days a-week, keeping in order huge gatherings of horsemen of all sorts and conditions, and pacifying farmers for six months in each year, taxes the endurance of any man, and one cannot be surprised that a Master

of either of these great hunting establishments should, as a rule, retire after a short reign. The difficulty of finding his successor is always serious. To be a success, the Master of a fashionable country should possess all the qualities of a diplomat, a general, and a steeple-chase rider, and be a rich man of leisure to boot.

I have read a monstrous tale in a Chicago paper about the calamities which are overtaking Sir Henry Irving. His fame and fortune, it seems, are passing to another actor, and, to crown his misfortunes, Miss Ellen Terry is about to leave him and join that other actor's company. It appears to be somebody's business to telegraph these taradiddles to America.

If you want to see a historical bit of Old London, you should hurry to Wych Street before they pull down the old house in which Jack Sheppard proved such an idle apprentice to Mr. Woods. As it is, the old place is very dilapidated.

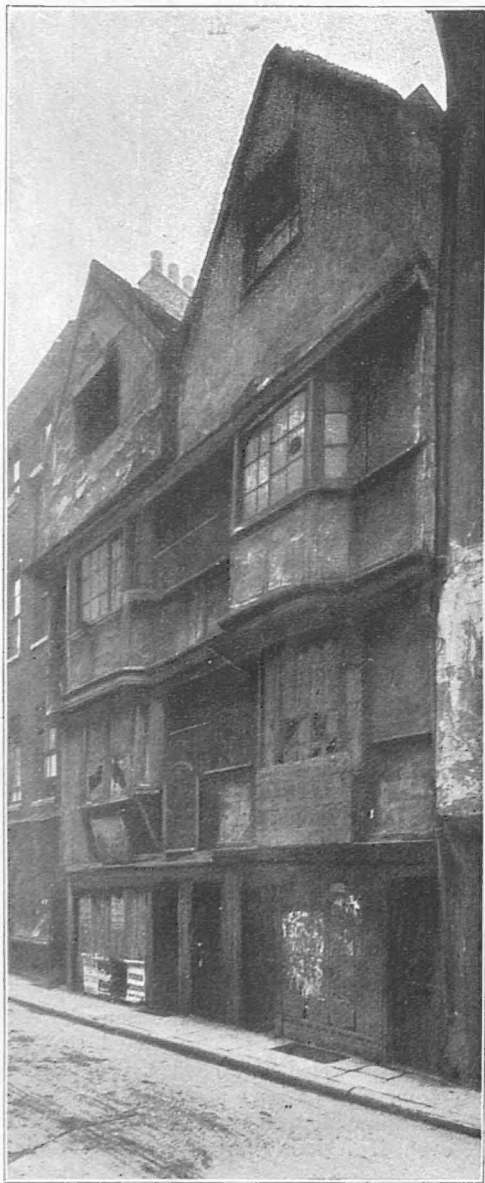
The Anti-Tobacco League is a comical institution. It has denounced the reduction of the tobacco

water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee. The water remained water, but it had a miraculous taste of wine for the wedding guests. This is an ingenious discrimination. Perhaps another commentator of the same type will tell us that "Swear not at all" also means "Smoke not at all." Unless this be established, I do not see how tobacco is to be held up to odium as hostile to Christianity. I can understand opposition on æsthetic grounds. The man who says that a pipe defaces the human countenance can make out some sort of a case. There are men who ought never to be seen with cigars in their mouths, but should smoke in severe privacy. But why drag in religion? The British passion for referring every habit to some ecclesiastical test has become grotesque.

"A step beyond the Ferris Wheel and two steps beyond the Eiffel Tower." Such is the description of the Revolving Palace which is to "grace" the Paris Exhibition of 1900. This structure, designed by M. Ch. Devic, will consist of a hexagonal shaft 350 feet in height, divided into twenty-five storeys. The entire palace is to be covered with nickel-plate, aluminium, ornamental tiling, and glass. Illumination will come from twenty thousand incandescent and two thousand arc lights, of varied colours, arranged so as to bring out clearly all decorative lines, balconies, turrets, pillars, and statues. In the loftiest part of the palace are to be a chime of sixty-four bells and a powerful organ played by compressed air. Above these, and crowning the whole, will perch the weather-vane—a cock 15 feet high, and formed of 1200 incandescent lights. The entire structure is to turn on a pivot and be moved by hydraulic apparatus, always at the same speed, making a complete revolution once an hour. Spectators may thus occupy the same position and see, spread out before them, the entire panorama of the Exposition, with the city of Paris and its environs.

There are two Richmonds, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say two "field Marshalls," in the field. First there is Captain R. Marshall, author of the new "farical romance," "His Excellency the Governor," at the Court. He is by no means a "new discovery" of Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, as Mr. Clement Scott would have us think, for his quaint and clever little fantastic curtain-raiser, "Shades of Night," was produced by Mr. Forbes-Robertson during one of his seasons at the Lyceum, and was afterwards played by him on tour. The second is Captain F. W. Marshall, well known as a pantomime librettist down Plymouth way, and also collaborator with Mr. Frederick Mouillot (of Morell and Mouillot) in a "coster opera," "The Little Duchess," brought out at Stockton-on-Tees last September.

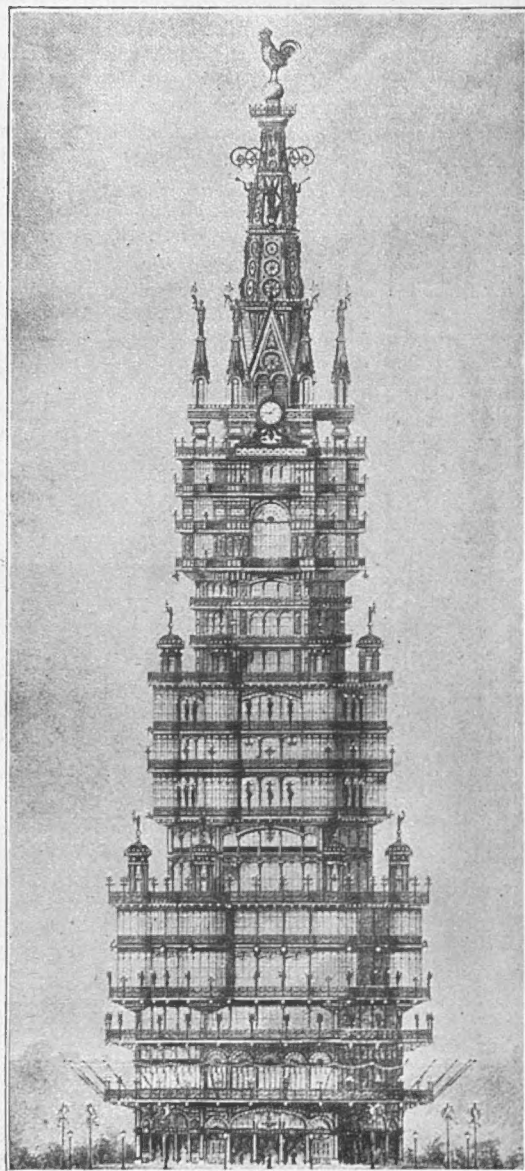
Madmen are held in veneration as saints by the Arabs. One came up to me in Tunis the other day to solicit alms. I gave him a halfpenny, which he gravely returned. Supposing I had given him too little, I produced a penny, but this was returned still more emphatically. I supposed he would take nothing less than silver, and consulted a native on the subject. "The saint returned your coins," said he, "not because you gave him too little, but because you gave him too much. He is accustomed to receive one centime" (the tenth of a penny). These saints are privileged persons, and may go to any shop and take what they will without being expected to pay for it.



JACK SHEPPARD PLAYED THE IDLE APPRENTICE HERE.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

duty as "un-Christian." It is easy to prove almost anything by texts from Scripture, but I cannot at the moment recall anything in either Testament which condemns the practice of smoking. One commentator, of total abstinence principles, has discovered that Christ did not turn



REVOLVING PALACE FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900.

From the "Illustrated American."

The days of the décolletée have come back this season with a vengeance, but the sex are clothed and in this may compare with the belles of Benin, one of whose petticoats was brought over by a soldier-friend of mine. The petticoat consists of a leathern strip, to which is attached a little wrought-iron fringe.

Even in the case of an artist's model we are more particular nowadays, as you will see from the picture of Mrs. Jopling Rowe's studio. And yet we seem to have attained a curious disregard, especially in cold weather, for the art of clothing. I read the other morning in my *Mail* that at such and such a function "Lady C—— was in white feathers." I can only say that I hope the feathers were fairly thick. Otherwise the story is a little too "thick"—

For I think it is hardly propriety
That ladies who bask in Society
Should flourish in feathers,
In spite of our weathers,
Which always have lots of variety.

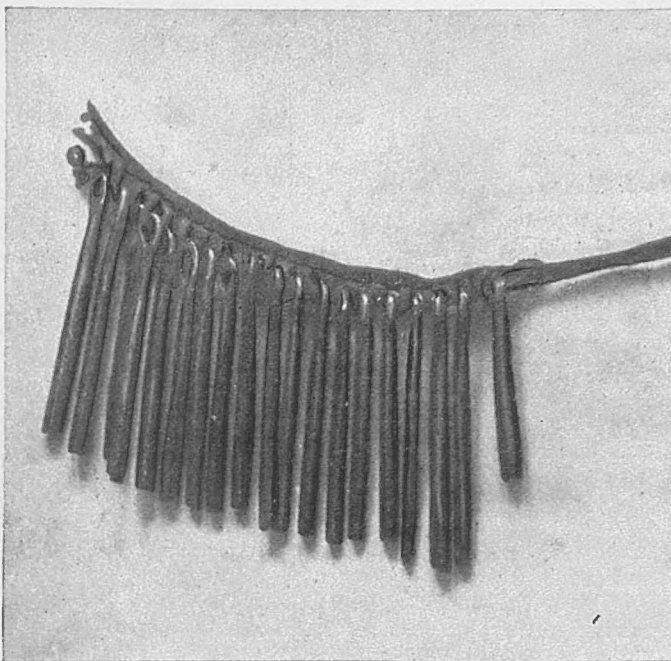
In the crisis risen between the Paris journalists and the drivers of automobiles there are people that wish some balls of the fray may light by ricochet on the Paris cabman. It is not the Parisians themselves that indulge the hope; they look on this terror of the street as the Buddhists look on the four demons charged to bring men to repentance by chastisement. The Paris cocher, with his wooden leg, sometimes two wooden legs, and his disgracefully careless dress, all in being the most amiable of cochers, a cocher that never disputes his fee, has a mania for running down people on foot. With a preliminary yell, he points his horse four ways at once, and the unhappy pedestrian knows not which way to turn, sure that in any direction he will but by miracle meet the horse's heels or the scorpion whip—in any case, the mocking laugh of the demon, who will leave him wounded or worse, or paralysed with fear, to the Samaritans of the pavement, and pass on to another victim. It is the cocher's way of amusing himself; sometimes also it is his way of remunerating himself, for there exists in Paris a cocher's accident insurance company, that pays the cocher a premium on these, to him, pleasing little escapades.

The Paris public is patient. Though the casualty columns of the papers teem with street-accidents; though M. Zola has been run over, a Rothschild mutilated, a distinguished American killed, all within a year; though Madame Réjane as suite of a street collision played a night at the Vaudeville with her shoulder sprained, the good public has not murmured. Only when the cocher is whetted upon with sarcasm by some dilettante out of a subject is there sign made that he is a nuisance; only when he omits the one chance he is demanded by custom to afford you for your life, when he forgets to give warning before he bombards, is any remonstrance heard. The cocher rules the street in Paris.

But the affair of the automobiles is another matter. Not content with bagging the same game as the cocher, they have run over several journalists, and the result is not the same at all. If the cocher rules over the public, the journalist is "sovereign by the sale of his numbers" and rules over the world. And the war is on. It is so well on that several members of the aristocracy are now summoned into police court for driving too fast, among them the Duchess d'Uzes.

I have been asked to state that there is to be a Fancy Fair and Fête at the Imperial Institute at one o'clock to-day (Wednesday), and that the Princess of Wales will open it. It is on behalf of a large orphanage for girls at Norwood, which during the fifty years of its existence has sheltered three thousand children. The fête will be open to-morrow and Friday as well, and the season-tickets, which admit holders to the fête and all the entertainments, are one guinea each.

Scotland is vying with Germany in putting before the British public its natural mineral-waters. I have had some bottles sent to me, and it seems a pleasant water. I see that it is recommended by Dr. Myrtle of Harrogate, the doyen, as I believe, of the profession in that popular watering-place. Dr. Myrtle should know something of mineral-water. It is doubtless all that is claimed for it by the St. Ronan's Water Company.



THIS IS THE COMPLETE SUMMER COSTUME OF A BENIN BELLE.



A MODERN APOLLO IN MRS. JOPLING ROWE'S STUDIO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

Russian papers are not often amusing reading: for one reason, because Russian censors often suffer from a deficient sense of humour; but the following advertisement, taken from the *Orlovski Vestnik*, is altogether delightful—

THIS NIGHT
WILL BE PRODUCED
AT KREMENCHUG THEATRE
A REAL ENGLISH TRAGEDY,
ENTITLED
HAMLET;
OR, THE PRINCE OF DENMARK;
WRITTEN BY W. SHEKSPER,
THE FAVOURITE OF THE LOCAL PUBLIC.
This piece has had an enormous success at Kharkov.

After this, it only remains for us to congratulate the manager of the Kremenchug Theatre on his enterprise in discovering a new playwright, and to hope that Mr. Shekspeer's tragedy was as popular in his town as it seems to have been with the public of Kharkov.

M. Henri Lavedan, the author of two of the most successful pieces that have been produced in Paris this year, may fairly be spoken of as a lucky man. His "Nouveau Jeu," at the Variétés, continues to draw as crowded houses as ever, and each time "Catherine" is put on at the Français the house of Molière is *au complet*. The total receipts from "Nouveau Jeu" during the four months it has been running amount to the respectable sum of £26,000, and the author's rights in France are calculated at ten per cent. of the gross takings.

Before the time of Scribe the lot of the French dramatist was anything but a happy one. When Scribe in 1829 founded the Dramatic

Authors' Society, the writer of a successful play, if he had a name, was paid twelve francs for each performance. If he had no name—no name, that is to say, worth speaking of—he was paid sometimes six francs, but more often nothing at all, having to content himself with the barren honour that the town condescended to laugh at his witticisms. Just about that time a play called "La Chatte Merveilleuse" ran for five hundred nights at the Variétés. The receipts amounted to over £80,000, and the author, Désaugiers, considered he had been rather liberally dealt with when he was remunerated at the rate of a louis for each performance, or £400 in all, instead of the £8000 which he would have received to-day as his due. The immortal Goldoni got only twelve francs for a performance at the



MONUMENT OF LEMAÎTRE AT MONTMARTRE.

Théâtre Molière. In the course of the year just ended the Dramatic Authors' Society collected on behalf of its members close upon £150,000!

A monument has just been unveiled in honour of Lemaître at Montmartre. It is twenty-two years since Lemaître died. The bust is the work of Pierre Granet.

Mr. Vivian Hyde, whose picture I reproduce, tells me he works with a hand-camera, trusting to enlargement for any negatives which may be considered worth such treatment. It is at this stage that so much can be done to alter the character of the negative, during enlargement, and then, by judicious "faking" or control in printing, so improve the final result. It is here that much of the real skill of the operator and his artistic ideas are called into play, but the legitimacy of these operations of control has for some time been a point of contention among photographers, some holding that no such work should be done upon the negative. The accompanying picture was taken in a quarter-plate hand-camera, fitted with a Goertz lens, and subsequently enlarged upon a 12 by 10 plate. It represents the village of Gōmshall, in Surrey, and the district around here may safely be recommended to all camera-men as likely to prove very prolific in photographic "bits" at any season of the year. The original picture was exhibited last year at the Royal Photographic Society's show in Pall Mall, and this year at the exhibition in the Crystal Palace. "As a hand-camera worker," says Mr. Hyde, "I may perhaps add that I invariably use the quickest plate I can obtain, maintaining that a quick plate places an extra power in one's hands, though at the same time it is more difficult to develop—a difficulty which, however, soon disappears with experience."

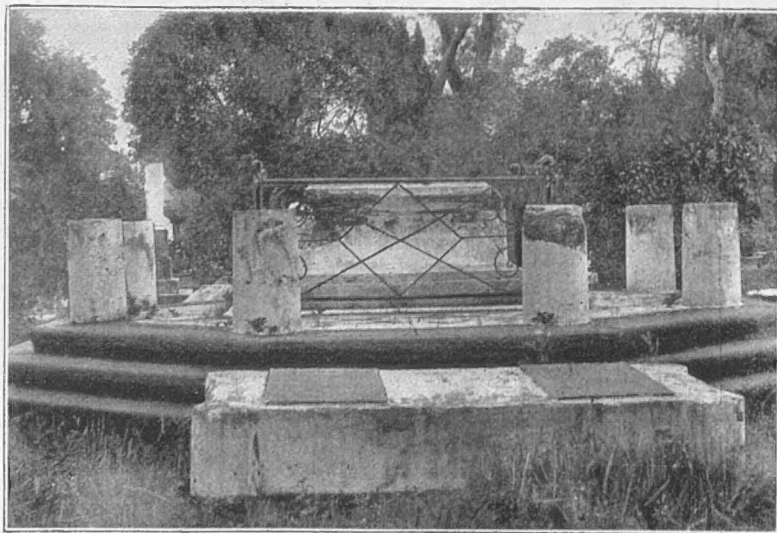
I give a photograph sent by a correspondent in Java which must be of interest to many readers. The square tomb in the centre is that of Lady Raffles, first wife of Sir Stamford Raffles, who secured and built up for us in the early decades of this century, on his own initiative, and under the censure of his generation, our splendid Empire in the Far East.



A SURREY VILLAGE.—H. VIVIAN HYDE.

The low, flat gravestone in the foreground is that of John Leyden, who, without exaggeration, may be said to have made Sir Stamford Raffles, and was one of the cleverest and most remarkable men that ever set foot in India. In all the history of our great Empire there is no more entrancing romance than the manner in which Leyden played Jonathan to Raffles' David. Leyden had a genius for languages. He was, as a student in Edinburgh, a friend of Sir Walter Scott. His appetite for languages was insatiable, but the only way to get among the languages of the East was to become a surgeon, and that he did in six months. Lord Minto was then Governor-General of India, and he relieved Leyden of his lancet, and gave him a chair in the University at Calcutta and a place among his advisers.

Leyden fell ill, and for his health went to Penang, in the Straits of Malacca, to get well by a study of Malay. The East India Company had begun a policy of scuttle in the Straits Settlements, and a young clerk of the name of Stamford Raffles was there, and was also mastering Malay, and saw the great part the country surrounding him was to play in the future as the highway to China. When Leyden went back to Calcutta, he told Lord Minto of the wonderful clerk at Penang, and in a year or two the Governor-General took measures to carry out the young clerk's ideas. Java was then a Dutch colony which was held with the assistance of the French, an army of seventeen thousand men being in possession. Lord Minto left India with six thousand men to seize and conquer Java, taking Raffles and Leyden with him. Leyden was the first man in the expedition to land, and, ten days later, when the small British army had put the enemy to rout, with four thousand dead on the field, and Raffles settled as Governor of the island, Leyden died, and was buried near Batavia. A year or two ago, the people of Teviotdale celebrated the centenary of his birth and erected a monument to his memory, and here the reader may see the last resting-place of one that was the first linguist of his time, and who, in his quiet, unostentatious way, did so much to further the interests of the British flag. Lady Raffles, a clever and much-slandered woman, died before the Dutch flag was again floating over Java, for what we had so bravely taken with the sword was given back by the pen. Singapore is the handiwork of Sir Stamford Raffles and a monument of his foresight.



THE TOMBS OF OLIVE RAFFLES AND JOHN LEYDEN.

What won't the photographer do next? Here are two "sisters" (music-hall genus) dancing and looking at themselves at the same time. If you want to know the trick, ask Mr. Ellis. A policeman would be no good.

The Ex Libris and the Bibliographical Societies held high festival last week. The latter was very lucky in that the President, the Earl of Crawford, exhibited 265 of his manuscript treasures at the Grafton Galleries. Some of the most precious manuscripts in the world were there, and the bookbindings were extraordinarily fine. With the collection on the walls of Australian pictures—the efforts of to-day—you found in a row of cases the Four Gospels in Greek of the eleventh century, Latin documents going back to the sixth century, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Celtic, Icelandic, Egyptian, Coptic, Syriac, Hebrew, Samaritan, Arabic, Ethiopic, Sanskrit, Chinese, Japanese, Persian, and Mexican manuscripts; to say nothing of twenty-three others.

One of the most curious documents was a legal instrument in Latin of the sixth century, in which a Greek witness bearing the wonderful name of Marinos Chrysokatalaktis had written his testimony in *Latin*, but in *Greek* characters—and this teaches how Latin was pronounced. A tiny little *Ilora* which had belonged to Mary Queen of Scots was there, with some of her writing in it. Of special interest at this moment was an unpublished description in English of "all the Islands of the Canaries, besides the history of their first inhabitants, called the Guanches," written in 1610. Some of my Irish friends would have been interested in the "Roll of Feilmid," written in Celtic and dealing with the early history of the Gaelic race. Lord Crawford, in a note in the catalogue, writes of it: "Of uncertain age and by many considered to be a forgery. I am most anxious to get at the truth." Very quaint were the Batak manuscripts. Some, like one "magical book" dealing chiefly with the preparation and application of a certain poisonous drug, were written on bark. Others were inscribed on sticks of bamboo. Among the latter was a prescript for the knowing the parts of a buffalo which may and may not be eaten in the different parts of the year by the guests and the hosts. The bindings exhibited beggar description.

Curiously enough, this is the five hundredth anniversary of the creation of the Earldom of Crawford, which is the premier earldom of Scotland. The present Earl is the twenty-sixth of his line. He was born in France fifty-one years ago, and educated at Eton and Cambridge. At Dun Echt, near Aberdeen (where his son, Lord Balcarres, was born), he erected a most complete astronomical observatory, which he afterwards presented to the Crown, and which is now in Edinburgh. He inherited his bookish instincts from his father, a most accomplished man, who wrote "The Lives of the Lindsays" and "The History of

Christian Art," and keeps his treasures at Haigh Hall, near Wigan, where he is aided by his librarian, Mr. J. P. Edmond, a most accomplished bibliographer, whose books on early Scottish printers are well-known to experts. Lady Anne Lindsay, the sister of the twenty-third earl, was the author of "Auld Robin Gray." Lord Crawford is carrying on the best traditions of the noble bibliophiles of another day. He has about a hundred thousand books in his library at Haigh Hall, many of them absolutely unique.

Lincluden Abbey, situated about a mile from Dumfries, has a charm in itself, as it is pre-eminent among the old religious houses of the North for the beauty of its situation. It is not this circumstance, however, so much as its association with the latter days of Robert Burns that has made it the chosen spot where the summer Burns festival is to be held on Saturday. The Abbey dates from the twelfth century, and

was endowed for a community of Benedictine monks by Uchtred, Lord of Galloway, and stands on arising ground in an angle formed by the river Nith and its tributary the Cluden. The song, "Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes," appropriate from its local colour, has been harmonised for the festival, in which a chorus of seven hundred voices will take part. Just before leaving for America, Hew Ainslie paid a visit to Dumfries and to Jean Armour, who accompanied him in a walk to Lincluden Abbey. "She stood," Ainslie has left it on record, "for a moment on a sheltered and lovely spot. 'It was just here,' she observed, 'that my man aften stood, and, I believe, made up mony a poem and sang.'"



THIS IS NOT A PUZZLE; THESE FOUR GIRLS ARE REALLY TWO: MR. ALFRED ELLIS IS THE MAGICIAN.

"Beating the bounds," or "riding the marches," is an institution celebrated annually in several of the Border towns with much *éclat*. Strangely enough, after an interval of fifty-four years, the custom was revived the other month in the northern town of Forres, immortalised by Shakspeare in Banquo's query to Macbeth, "How far is't call'd to Fores?" It is in Hawick, however, that this survival of feudalism still holds supremacy. There is some discord, by the way, regarding the pronunciation of this Border town. Some call it "Hae-wick." "Hawk," one gentleman remarked to another lately, was "a town on the Borders." "Yes, I've been there," said his friend, "and the people call it 'Hike.'" At the yearly proceedings in that town the other day there were present the Earl of Minto and Mr. Shaw, M.P., who presented the Corporation with a painting by Mr. Tom Scott, A.R.S.A., of the "Return from Hornshole, 1514," a date which signalled the defeat of a company of English, some three miles from the town, by the young men who took the place of their elders slain at Flodden. Mr. Shaw, in the course of his speech, urged the maintenance of the yearly ceremonial, remarking that the Scottish Borderer of to-day and the Hawick man justified the national emblem and the national motto—"Nemo me impune lacessit," which he translated "Wha daur meddle wi' me?"

The death of Sir Edward Burne-Jones will be deplored by every lover of art, and *The Sketch* had a particular affection for him, as a large number of reproductions of his pictures appeared in its earliest issues. He died on Friday last of angina pectoris, following influenza, at his residence in West Kensington. Sir E. Burne-Jones was born at Birmingham in 1833, educated at King Edward's School in that city, and at Exeter College, Oxford. He was intended for the Church, but is said to have been dissuaded by Rossetti. The result gave us, next to Millais, by far the greatest painter of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and the most "ideal" painter—to use Johnson's word—in modern England.

Who is there that does not glory in Burne-Jones's splendid colourings, his magnificent imaginings? "The Days of Creation," "The Golden Stairs," the four magnificent pictures illustrating "The Legend of the Briar Rose," "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid"—these and a hundred other pictures hold us as only the greatest poetry and the greatest painting can hold. They possess an incommunicable power.

I am very glad to note that Mr. Charles E. Hands, who has been serving as the correspondent of the *Daily Mail* for some time in America, is now on his way to represent that journal in Cuba. We shall be certain of some bright and piquant letters from him. Mr. Hands, who is now permanently associated with the *Daily Mail*, was for a very long time successively on the *Star* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and he wrote some of the most brilliant interviews which appeared in the early numbers of this journal, at a time when interviewing was an acceptable form of journalism. Mr. Hands's contributions to the *Daily Mail* have been the most interesting letters that that journal has so far published from abroad, and it is perfectly safe to predict for him a very considerable journalistic future.

I regret to say that the very delightful photograph of Japanese dogs which appeared in a recent issue under the title of "Japanese Spaniels" was erroneously ascribed to Messrs. Dixon instead of to Miss Frances Fairman, the well-known dog-painter, who is the actual artist of the oil-painting from which the photograph was taken. At the same time, I have to express my regrets to Messrs. W. and D. Downey, the well-known photographers of Ebury Street, in that the photograph of Miss Kate Vaughan in "She Stoops to Conquer" was not attributed to them, as it should have been.

When a critic criticises the critic, who shall criticise the first critic? It is always so delightful to be corrected by so animated a jester as Mr. Punch. He tells you how wrong you are, he puns about the ridiculous situations into which your mistake has led you, and he genially dismisses the matter with a patronising "aliquando dormitat Homerus." Such was the fate of the *Daily Telegraph* the other day, which had ventured to say that many of the audience of "Le Nozze" at Covent Garden would have liked to hear Madame Eames repeat "Dove Sono." Many of us, said the witty critic, would have liked to hear her sing it once; as a matter of fact, the song is not in her part, but in that of Susanne, taken by Madame Nordica. Then followed a yard or two of merry sarcasms, with the pleasant excuse that even the mightiest of quill-drivers are liable to error. Perky Mr. Punch! And he could have saved himself all the trouble of hunting for clever things to say by just looking at his score, when he would have found that the song is, of course, in the part of the Countess, taken by Madame Eames. What on earth would Susanne be doing with "Dove sono i bei momenti di dolcezza e di piacer"? She was not yet married to Figaro.

Another learned wit in the *Evening News*, a day or two ago, made very merry over one who had quoted a line from Prospero's great speech, which figures on Shakespeare's monument in the Abbey, as, "Like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a wrack behind." *Rack* he knew, but what was this *wrack*? He chortled with delight as he remembered his Shakspeare so keenly. As a matter of fact, of course both spellings are admissible, whether you suppose "wrack" to mean "wreck"—so the Globe edition explains it—or, which is far more likely, to mean a thin, flying cloud, especially with the former references to "thin air" and to the "cloud-capped towers." That is a detail, however; any decent dictionary gives both spellings.

The majority of hospital nurses are, it is well known, enthusiastic cyclists, and the subject of cycling for private nurses was one of those considered at the recent Conference of Matrons of the Hospitals of the United Kingdom. The question was asked whether a private nurse, going to a case, would be justified in taking her cycle with her as well as her box. After some discussion, it was decided that, in the present backward state of public opinion, this would hardly be practicable. One matron boldly looked forward to the time when custom would have smoothed over all difficulties, and a cycle would be a regular and well-recognised part of a nurse's paraphernalia, the presence of which could excite neither surprise nor objection. Before, however, this happy time arrives, some inventive genius must come forward with a "collapsible" cycle that will pack into a box about a foot square. Already we have a folding cycle that can be doubled in two when travelling, so that a collapsible cycle should not be far off. A bicycle, as at present made, takes up, it must be admitted, an inconvenient amount of room; and when the machines of the family are already packed with the utmost difficulty into the back passage leading to the kitchen, on the arrival of the sick nurse in company with a machine it might become a question of some difficulty which of them should be housed.

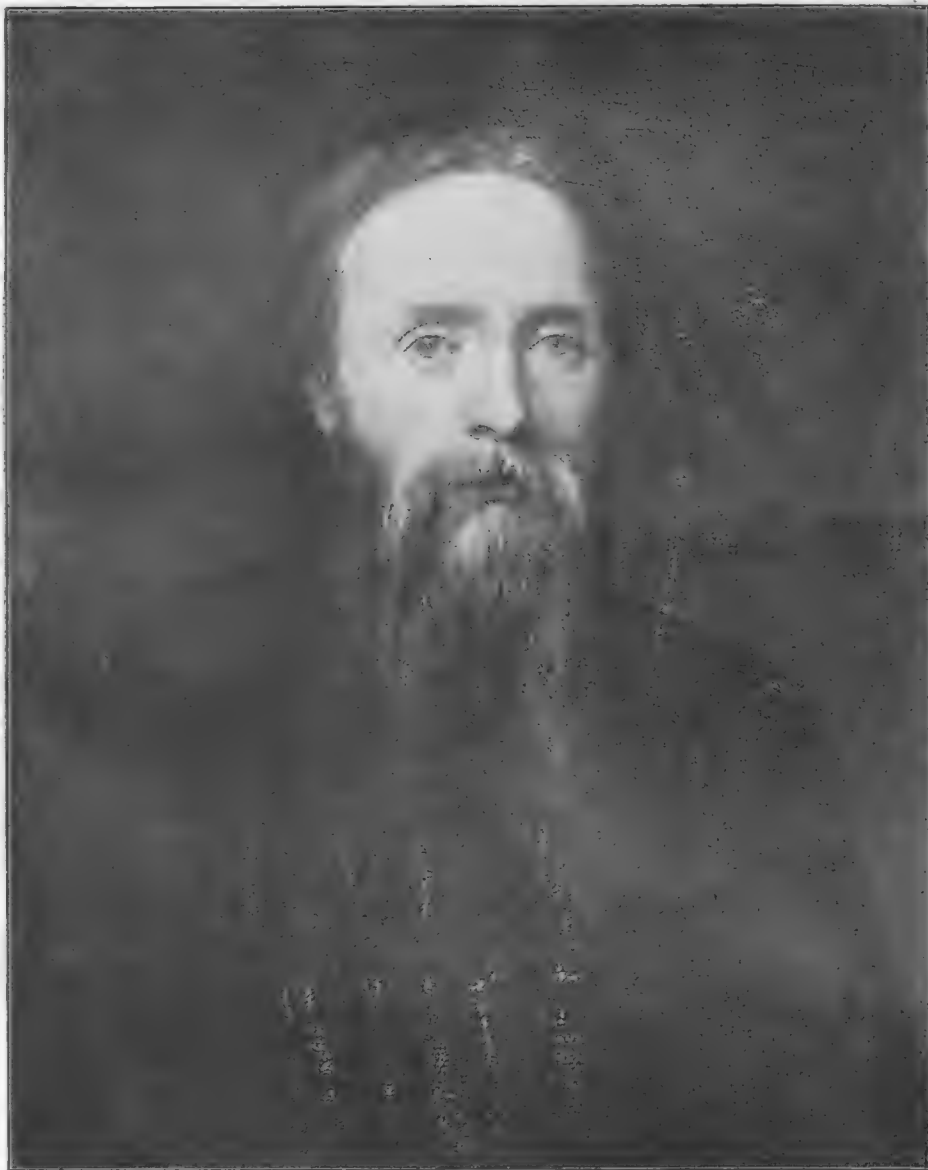
Apropos of my remarks last week on Royal Ramsgate, there is one point on which I should like to touch, and a very sharp

point too, for it is that of the obelisk in the harbour which commemorates the departure from Ramsgate to "foreign parts" and the return to these shores of that delectable sovereign the fourth George. We are all of us loyal nowadays; even the wild, untamed democrat has nothing to say against the gracious lady who so long has reigned over us; but between loyalty and obsequiousness there is a considerable distance. The inscription, which, in Latin and English, adorns (?) the obelisk in question, is ludicrous in its "umbleness."

To George the Fourth, King of Great Britain and Ireland, the inhabitants and visitors of Ramsgate and the Directors and Trustees of the Harbour have erected this Obelisk as a grateful record of His Majesty's Gracious Condescension in selecting this Port for his embarkation on the 25th of September in Progress to His Kingdom of Hanover, and his happy return on the 8th of November, 1821.

M. Edmond Rostand has made considerable progress with the new play which he is writing for Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Victor Hugo's well-known line—

L'Angleterre a pris l'aigle et l'Autriche l'aiglon, is the key-note of the piece. It is to be called "L'Aiglon," and will deal with the melancholy fate of the King of Rome, Napoleon's only son. The poet has already read some portions of his play to Madame Bernhardt. It will probably be produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in December.



THE LATE SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.
From a Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

[Photo by F. Hollyer.]

A great deal has been said about stage-doors and the moths that flit around them o' nights waiting for the fairies. But have you ever stood in a back street watching scenery come out of a theatre into a huge black van to be taken away to some other spot? There is nothing more



MISS NINA CADIZ AS THE FRENCH MAID IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER,"
AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

disillusioning than that. I saw it one day last week in the case of a theatre where the night before I had witnessed a pretty sentimental play. In the day-light the sky was only canvas, the trees were only board, and the roses were only "props." Had I been a parson, I might have preached a sermon on the vanity of things temporal; as I am only a penman, I jangle a jingle for you—

So this is the cottage that basked in the sun
(A sun that was "battens" and lime).
The daylight discloses how everything's done,
And shows you that ivy may mime.
'Tis paint that composes
Those beautiful roses,
That tenderly cluster and climb.
Last night came the hero to whisper his love,
Whose window those roses entwined;
He pleaded his cause to his lady above:
But to-day I am sorry to find,
When limelight's deducted
The walls are constructed
Of canvas that flaps in the wind.
And here is the beautiful stretch of a lawn
That seemed so delightfully mowed;
But now (it is sad), disillusioned by dawn,
I see where the pieces are sewed.
The carpenters trundle
That lawn in a bundle—
Which is death to an elegant ode.
And here in the van is a strange-looking box,
Which makes, an you wish it, a moon.
Hey, presto! a turn of the glasses, and nox
Is instantly turned into noon.
For any poor mummer
Turns winter to summer
By using a glass that's maroon.
And this is the cosmos that gladdened my eye,
Piled up on a dull-looking dray—
The trees and the flowers and the beautiful sky
Ah me! it was only a play.
It's cruel to conceive it,
And so I shall leave it
For bright, disillusionary day.

The report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting shows that progress is being made in the matter of the employment of Tommy Atkins when he leaves the Army. The Post Office authorities have arranged to give one-half of the appointments as postmen to ex-soldiers, the Customs are reserving all appointments as "watchers" for military and other pensioners, and the Office of Works are giving preference to

pensioners for appointments as park-keepers. Then a number are provided for as messengers in Government offices, and a good many become policemen. The War Secretary's appeal to the Municipal Corporations has had a good effect, and employers of labour are sending in numerous applications. In 1897 the railway companies took on nearly four thousand, in addition to the large number already employed. The Midland Railway alone—the chairman of the company, Sir George Ernest Paget, is an old soldier—employs over two thousand.

In connection with the commissioning of the *Crescent* by the Duke of York, it may be noted that, unlike his royal predecessors in the Navy, the Duke has risen from one grade to another only after experience in each. A good story is told by Sir Frederick Bedford, that, when the heir-apparent was serving as a lieutenant in the Mediterranean, a Turkish Pasha came aboard to pay his respects to the Prince. He was received with due honour, and explained his mission. His surprise was great when the Prince, who had been superintending coaling operations, appeared before him as black as a sweep and clad in an old uniform suitable to his dirty occupation.

Colonel the Hon. N. G. Lyttelton, C.B., who is to command the new British brigade for the advance on Khartoum, is an old Rifle Brigade officer, and has lately been Assistant Military Secretary to Lord Wolseley. He served with the "Sweeps" in the Jowaki campaign of 1877, and in the Egyptian campaign of 1882 was Aide-de-Camp to Sir John Acland, the Chief of the Staff, being present at Tel-el-Mahuta, Kassassin, and Tel-el-Kebir.

There are two ancient warriors in Paris who are following the fortunes of Piper Findlater with professional sympathy. Their names are Sergeant Hoff and Sergeant Jeannot, and they have been employed to look after the Arc de Triomphe. For some reason they are threatened with the loss of this occupation, and they are thinking with regret that they will not be able to imitate Piper Findlater's fortunes at the music-halls, though they bear honourable scars. The scars, in truth, are out of date; and your scars must be very recent indeed if they are to appeal to the popular imagination. This hurts Sergeant Hoff and Sergeant Jeannot. Being Frenchmen, they do not quite understand what Piper Findlater has done. He has played the bagpipes (which instrument the French call the *cornemuse*), and he was shot by the Afridis with "arrows." It is unknown to Sergeant Hoff and Sergeant Jeannot that the Afridis are armed with modern weapons and are among the finest marksmen in the world. So these two old soldiers of the Arc de Triomphe (one of them was wounded at Solferino nearly forty years ago) shake their heads over the ingratitude of France to men who have fought in European battles and heard the shrieking of the shell.



FINDLATER'S GREAT PROTOTYPE: GEORGE CLARKE, THE HERO
OF VIMIERA, 1808.

Findlater's great prototype was George Clarke, of the 71st Highlanders, who after being wounded at the Battle of Vimiera, Aug. 21, 1808, went on playing and inspirited his fellow fighters. He was presented by the Highland Society with a set of silver pipes.

I have received this quaint autobiographic epistle, which tells its own story—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As I often see photographs of dogs in *The Sketch*, I thought perhaps you would like to have mine. I am a prize sable-and-white collie, but I am not exhibited now, as I have told my mistress so plainly that I much prefer a cosy arm-chair in the drawing-room to all the glories of the show-bench.

The one great ambition of my life is, when out bicycling or walking with my mistress, to catch a swallow; I have not yet attained this, but, as I am only just

six years old, I do not give up hope of doing so. On my birthday I had a boiled haddock and a pound of steak (raw) for my dinner, a large basin of bread-and-milk covered with rich cream for tea, and for supper some roast fowl and custard-pudding. I like having birthdays.

My mistress says I am to tell you that my photograph does not do me justice, as I was so extremely ill-behaved while it was being taken. Trusting, however, you will pardon this lapse on my part, and put me in *The Sketch*, I remain, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

NEWMARKET LAIRD
(His X Mark).

I am glad to see that the weaknesses of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts are receiving a good deal of attention. Only those who live in the country know how nearly a dead letter



MISS JESSIE OFFIN'S COLLIE, NEWMARKET LAIRD.

Photo by Webster, Wanstead.

these Acts are in respect of eggs and nests; in private gardens alone, and only there by grace of the gardener if the master have not a watchful eye, are birds'-nests safe. Laws which presuppose an expert knowledge of oology on the part of the rural police are foredoomed to failure by the first intention, the eggs of some protected species so closely resembling those of other unprotected birds that the most discriminating ornithologist hesitates to put a name to them without knowledge of the nest whence they came, its site, and form. I doubt much whether any regulations will ever be seriously enforced in a country like our own, where for generations bird's-nesting has been encouraged or tacitly approved by all save clothes-mending mothers; but, if we are to do any good by legislation, the reasonable plan would be to prohibit the taking of all eggs, with the exception only of those

belonging to "winged vermin," like the too-plentiful sparrow. Every dweller in the country can recognise at a glance the eggs of species whose number renders them injurious to agricultural interests, and if the rural policeman had forgotten the knowledge acquired in his bird's-nesting days, he could learn the appearance of the few exempted species in five minutes.

Here is a nuthatch, in a very characteristic position, for it may often be seen roaming over the trees, head downwards, or hanging to the under-side of a



THE NUTHATCH SPENDS LIFE HEAD DOWNWARDS.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

branch while it hammers at the bark with its powerful wedge-shaped bill. One has often seen it thus at work in search of insects, particularly in an avenue of limes in an adjacent park, where its blue-and-white plumage made it a conspicuous and beautiful object. While secure in its power of twisting and turning, the bird will continue its occupation, until one can almost touch it; but, on being alarmed, it suddenly darts

round the tree and flits away, uttering a shrill "churr, churr, churr." In the winter the nuthatches, tits, and tree-creeper, join company, roaming the woods and fields together.

The Lord Mayor ought to engage Mr. Arthur Roberts to explain jokes to him. Somebody said his lordship had issued a summons against Mr. Chamberlain for contravening the Wild Birds' Protection Act by eating larks in a pudding at the Cheshire Cheese. Mr. Chamberlain did eat the pudding; so did Miss Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, tempted thereto by that incorrigible Johnsonian Mr. Augustine Birrell, who must have convoyed the party to Johnson's old tavern in Fleet Street. I suspect Mr. Birrell (who is capable of anything) of setting afloat the story about the larks and the Lord Mayor. But, if Mr. Arthur Roberts had been at that magnate's elbow, he would have prevented a sad exhibition of civic obtuseness. The Lord Mayor said it was "monstrous" to suppose that he had issued any such summons. The real monstrosity is this official contradiction of a jest that must have made Gog and Magog split their sides, though their sense of humour is not morbidly acute.

The Prophet Baxter, who predicts the Millennium in ten years' time, has taken an eighty years' lease of property in the City. He explains that this was purely a commercial transaction, made imperative by the ordinary rules of business which prevail amongst unthinking men. It seems to me that the Prophet Baxter has done a very good thing from his own point of view. When the Millennium begins in 1908, he will be able to plead his lease against any Millennial citizen who may argue that in a time of universal happiness all property ought to be held in common. It is not until 2908 that the world is to be destroyed, after a thousand years of the triumph of virtue over vice. This wholly superfluous cataclysm



A FAT ADONIS.

the Prophet Baxter does not explain; but, as it will not concern him in the least, why should he? Ten years hence he will have to shift the date of the Millennium further on; but he can always find a reason suitable to the empty brain-pans into which he pours his prophetic twaddle.

There is another reverend gentleman, who swells the revenues of the morning papers by advertising texts in their "agony" columns, together with silly rhymes about his salvation. I should like to know the principle on which these advertisements are inserted. Does the manager of a daily paper accept the maunderings of any harmless idiot at so much a line? If so, the doctors at Earlswood might make some of their patients happy by encouraging them to send advertisements to the papers, accompanied by postal-orders. Earlswood must contain several people who can twist texts to mean anything, and celebrate the arrival of the first bluebottle of summer by a prediction from Ezekiel.

The honour of the "Royal Irish" has been completely vindicated. After a splendid march to the front—the last two marches (twenty-six miles) being done in one day, the battalion was detained, at a bad time of year, in an unhealthy neighbourhood for some three weeks, and suffered from malarial fever. These so-called sickly men—or some of them—did a six days' march at twenty-two miles a-day, and a detachment actually did thirty-four miles in one day. The regiment was ordered back because the medical authorities had reported it as "saturated with malarial fever," and though, when the commanding officer asked for a medical board, 523 men out of about 550 at headquarters—those split up in detachments not being examined—were passed as "absolutely fit and above the average in physique," the order was not countermanded. In the end the battalion again went to the front, but arrived too late to take part in any further important engagements. The "Royal Irish" were certainly hardly used, and the treatment received will scarcely add to their liking for the service.

Miss Vaudon, one of the dancers in "The French Maid," does not get sufficient opportunity for her talents in that lively piece. She is a skilled dancer, and enjoys her art with unmistakable enthusiasm. These pictures are pretty, but they give you only a faint idea of the charm of the little lady.

I wonder whether many English historians have come across a five-act tragedy, styled "Il Cromuele," by Girolamo Gratiani, one of the many statesmen-poets produced by Italy. "Il Cromuele" was published at Bologna in 1671 (twenty years later than the author's fine poem on "The Conquest of Granada"), and was dedicated by him to Louis XIV. The work is enriched by three fine contemporary plates of Hampton Court and by two of the Tower, one of the latter showing Old London Bridge at the back. At the time of the action Charles I. is already a prisoner, and the other historical characters are Henrietta Maria (disguised as a boy, Henrico), Cromwell and his wife Elizabeth, Edward Hyde (afterwards Clarendon) and his daughter Anne, Lambert, Ireton, and Harrison. The new personages are Edmondo, really a girl in disguise; Delmira, lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and revealed to be Cromwell's daughter by his wife; Orinda, confidante to Elizabeth, supposed to be the mother of Delmira; and her son Arturo, Governor of the Tower. The tragedy sets forth private hatreds, jealousy, and disasters, in addition to the execution of Charles I., which is described, in classical fashion, by a Messenger. In power, at least, "Il Cromuele" excels the late W. G. Wills's play, in which, as the Martyr-King, Henry Irving used to display such pathos and regal dignity withal. The characters of the King, the Queen, and the so-called "Tyrant of England" have been boldly and firmly drawn by Gratiani.

It is interesting to note that two of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's provincial lieutenants have started in resident management on their own account. Mr. E. H. Ball, who, under the assumed name of Beresford, had been for years one of Mr. Carte's touring managers, has for some time carried on successfully the Grand Theatre at Wolverhampton. Another Savoyard business-man, Mr. Robert Redford, is just taking over the Theatre Royal at Cardiff, and one of Mr. Carte's former vocalists, Mr. Herbert E. Bellamy, will be installed as resident manager at the Theatre Royal, Preston, as soon as that house has been rebuilt on modern lines.

M. Auguste Van Biene has been appearing at the Metropole Theatre in one of Frank Harvey's latest plays, "A Musician's Romance," which he played in America and presented for the first time in England, at Halifax, a couple of months ago. M. Van Biene, of course, gives therein a number of 'cello solos, just as he did in that parallel piece, "A Broken Melody."

I have heard excellent accounts from leading provincial centres of the success as Macbeth of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, now appearing with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Mr. J. W. Mackail's version of "Pelléas and Mélisande." We are promised the new Macbeth at the Lyceum this autumn.

Mr. Edward Compton has brought to a close, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, his tour with the celebrated Compton Company, which has extended over seventeen years. A repertory of some forty plays has been presented, with due regard to artistic completeness, in all the towns of any theatrical value in the United Kingdom. Mr. Compton, as I have stated before, is about to devote much of his time to the new theatres with which he will be connected at Dalston and Dover.



MISS BLANCHE VAUDON IN "THE FRENCH MAID," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE "TEL-LE" AND THE "MI-IL."

BY EDGAR TURNER.

"It is a good while since you were here last," I said to Blanco Watson when I met him in the smoking-room the other evening.

"I have been travelling," he replied. "I have been to Pekin, in fact."

"To Pekin?"

"Yes. I wanted to see what the Chinese thought of the Chinese question."

"You found them very excited about it, I suppose?"

"Not at all. The Secretaries of State had been instructed to grant all building leases applied for by European Powers, and that was considered to have ended the question I was disappointed. During the time I was in Pekin, a certain *cause célèbre* was the only subject of conversation. England, Germany, Russia, and France were never mentioned."

"What was the *cause célèbre*?"

"It was so purely local that an account of it would weary you. Yet, perhaps not. Li-Hung-Chang shone in it, and that might make it interesting. You saw him when he was in London, I think?"

I nodded.

"You did?" he continued. "Very well, I will give you the account. I was in Court throughout the trial, and took full notes. But a brief summary will be all you want."

"It was a newspaper affair. For long the *Tel-Le*, a paper sold at a cash, had advertised that it had the largest circulation in the world. No one had disputed the statement, for the *Tel-Le* undoubtedly had the largest circulation in Pekin, and Pekin and the world were at that time held to be synonymous."

"But a year or two ago a new paper called the *Mi-Il* appeared. Owing to its price being but a half-cash, and to the gay youthfulness of its staff, it became very popular. On the first of every month it contained an accountant's certificate as to the copies sold during the previous month. The figures steadily advanced, and the people began to talk of them in connection with the statement of the *Tel-Le*. At last the issue was made clear. In terms identical with those of the *Tel-Le*, the *Mi-Il* advertised that it had the largest circulation in the world."

"You cannot imagine the sensation this caused. Those who subscribed to one of the two papers argued and fought with those who subscribed to the other. Railway companies found it necessary to label some carriages 'The *Tel-Le*' and others 'The *Mi-Il*.' Preachers protested against the inconsistency of the advertisements. Candidates for public offices began their election-addresses with a declaration as to which they believed. Mathematicians discussed the possibility of both papers having exactly the same circulation."

"Simultaneously the proprietors took action. Counsel representing the *Tel-Le* applied for an injunction restraining the *Mi-Il* from continuing its advertisement, and counsel representing the *Mi-Il* applied for an injunction against the *Tel-Le*. Li-Hung-Chang, the Chief Judge, announced that he would consider the two applications together, and appointed a day for hearing the arguments."

"The day came. The excitement in Pekin was extreme. It is probable that the Court had not been so crowded since the famous trial of Bo-Bo and Ho-Ti for eating roast pig. Every available place was occupied. Mandarins of high rank stood in a corner of the reporters' box. The prettiest of the actresses at the Kik-O Theatre were on the bench beside Li-Hung-Chang. I myself, disguised in a wig and gown, sat with the members of the Bar."

"The counsel for the *Mi-Il* was called upon first. He said his clients were confident that their paper had the largest circulation in the world. They welcomed the investigation. He had with him a statement showing the sales of the paper since the first number, every entry duly certified by a leading accountant. He handed it to Li-Hung-Chang, and challenged comparison with a similar statement in respect of the *Tel-Le*."

"There was some applause at the end of the speech, but it was immediately suppressed by the usher. After threatening to behead for contempt of Court anyone who interrupted again, Li-Hung-Chang called for the arguments on the other side."

"The counsel for the *Tel-Le* said that his paper had started many years ago with the determination of upholding the dignity of the state and the family. It could place its hand on its heart and look the whole world in the face, for it had not failed. Every day it had given minute details of the doings of the Emperor; every day it had praised the party of Mandarins which happened to be in power. Every day it had dealt in a motherly way with literature, music, and the drama; every day it had been a voice speaking in the parlours of the Pekin suburbs."

"Here Li-Hung-Chang remarked that the subject under consideration was the circulation and not the mission of the *Tel-Le*. In spite of the threat of beheading, the ladies of the Kik-O Theatre applauded the remark."

"The phrase, 'the largest circulation in the world,' continued the counsel for the *Tel-Le*, had been used by his clients so long that he believed they had acquired a legal vested interest in it. He had been instructed, however, to waive this point, and to apply for the injunction

simply on the ground of fact. He had with him a statement, duly certified by a leading accountant, showing the total number of copies of the *Tel-Le* sold during the past twenty years. He handed it to Li-Hung-Chang, and challenged comparison with a similar statement in respect of the *Mi-Il*."

"The counsel for the *Mi-Il* at once protested. His paper had been in existence part only of the twenty years, and the number of copies sold was not, of course, so great as in the case of a paper which had been in existence the whole time. The totals for the past week, or at most, the past month, should decide the question. The counsel for the *Tel-Le* replied that he had little doubt the sales of the *Tel-Le* for the past week or month exceeded those of the *Mi-Il*. The matter was so important, however, that he must insist on the twenty years. In a short period various chances might influence the result, but in a long period this would not be possible."

"It was now that Li-Hung-Chang shone. He motioned the two counsel to be silent, and told the usher to call the French Ambassador. Everybody was astonished at the direction, and still more astonished after the usher had obeyed it. For the Ambassador squeezed into the Court and entered the witness-box as if he had expected the summons."

"Presently we knew that he had expected it. Li-Hung-Chang smiled, and reminded him of a conversation they had had about a French paper called *Le Petit Journal*, and of his promise to give evidence as to its circulation. The Ambassador smiled, and replied that he was prepared to give the evidence at once. He had with him a statement of the sales of *Le Petit Journal*, completed to the present date by telegraph, and duly certified by the French Government. Should he read it?"

"Li-Hung-Chang said that that would not be necessary. It would be sufficient if he would answer two or three questions. First, what was the total sale during the past week? The Ambassador made some calculations, and replied. During the past month? The Ambassador replied. During the past twenty years? The Ambassador replied."

"All in the Court, except the ladies of the Kik-O Theatre, looked grave. Li-Hung-Chang compared the replies of the Ambassador with the statements which had been handed to him by the counsel for the *Tel-Le* and the *Mi-Il*. Then he inquired whether the proprietors of those papers were present, and, finding that they were, directed that they should be taken into custody. Amid general consternation this was done."

"Li-Hung-Chang stood up. Neither the *Tel-Le* nor the *Mi-Il*, he announced, had so large a circulation as *Le Petit Journal*. The proprietors of both had deceived Pekin by advertising that their papers had the largest circulation in the world. They must be punished. He sentenced them to three years in the cangue without food or drink, to be followed by five years' police surveillance."

"There was a silence. The prisoners collapsed; the ladies of the Kik-O Theatre looked at them pityingly; the two counsel frowned. The silence ended. One of the mandarins in the reporters' box clapped his hands, and suddenly people realised that their great Judge had again proved his greatness. The noise of clappings and cheering grew loud. The usher cried for silence in vain. It is probable that such a scene of enthusiasm had not occurred in the Court since the close of the famous trial of Bo-Bo and Ho-Ti for eating roast pig."

"That is the story of the *cause célèbre*," concluded Blanco Watson, and looked at me inquiringly."

"As you said," I remarked, "interesting because Li-Hung-Chang shone in it; otherwise too purely local to Pekin."

HOW THE "ODDS" ARE SIGNALLIED.

Any reader who has ever attended an important race-meeting is tolerably certain to have seen and been startled by a weird individual known as a "tic-tac" man. The actions of this curious person cannot fail to attract attention. Directly the numbers go up for a race, and betting on the event opens, the duties of the "tic-tac" man—who is stationed in the principal ring—commence. First he hauls madly at his left ear, then repeats the operation on his right, and finishes up by tweaking his nose vigorously three times. Calming down somewhat, he stands listening intently to the cries of the bookmakers around him; but suddenly, and without warning, begins once more to ill-use himself by slapping his right cheek, jabbing himself under the chin, and smacking his by this time perspiring brow in the manner of a falsely accused hero of melodrama. This queer performance the "tic-tac" man repeats with variations until the yell of "They're off!" causes betting to cease and all eyes to be turned towards the swiftly approaching horses."

Far from being the violent lunatic his behaviour makes him appear, the "tic-tac" man is a very wideawake person indeed. He has to be in full possession of his wits, for it is his business to watch and listen for every market movement in the chief betting-ring and signal particulars to his employers, who lay odds in the smaller enclosures. But for a prearranged code of signalling, the "silver-bookies" would be in the dark as to which animal was favourite, the odds the leading "pencilers" were laying against it, and the prices of the other competitors."

The services of a smart "tic-tac" man command a salary of from £4 to £6 a-week, his paymasters usually being a syndicate of about half-a-dozen bookmakers, who alter the secret code from time to time. J. B.



"GOOD-NIGHT!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KILPATRICK, BELFAST.

SOME LITERARY TREASURES COMING TO THE HAMMER.

There is a busy time ahead in the sale-rooms of Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, in Wellington Street, Strand. Judging by the very widespread interest in Brontë matters, I presume that the palm of notoriety, at any rate, will attach to the sale of Brontë relics on July 2. Concerning this



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.—FROM A PORTRAIT IN OILS BY J. H. THOMPSON.

To be Sold by Sotheby on July 2.

sale I have received the following communication from Mr. W. Roberts, the well-known writer on book-sales and similar topics—

"In looking through the catalogue of the Museum of Brontë relics, the property of Mr. Robinson Brown, late of Haworth, it is impossible not to hear the tingling in one's memory, so to speak, of the verses of that scandalous scoffer, Peter Pindar—

Old jawbones of the sainted tribes,
Old teeth, old nails, old noses,
Old toes, old shoes, that wonders worked,
As ev'ry one supposes.

There is this to be said for the Brontë relics—they are perfectly genuine. A large proportion of them were given by members of the Brontë family at various times to William Brown (father of the present owner), sexton at Haworth Church during twenty years of the Rev. P. Brontë's incumbency, and to his niece, Martha Brown, who for many years lived in the Brontë family; while those which were not inherited were purchased from reliable sources. The collection consists of 107 lots, which will first be offered *en bloc*, and, if the reserve price is not exceeded, the whole will be sold piecemeal. There are over two dozen water-colour drawings and sketches by Charlotte Brontë, one of which, a capital little, spirited drawing of her sister's dog Flossie, is here reproduced. But undoubtedly the most important lot of all is a capital *ad vivam* portrait of Charlotte Brontë by a local artist, J. H. Thompson; it is signed, and is an oval. The catalogue says nothing as to its history, nor states for whom it was done; a few facts on these points would not merely be interesting in themselves, but would doubtless add considerably to the commercial value of the portrait.

"So far as the relics proper go, we have not only a shawl worn by Charlotte herself, but one which belonged to her mother, and the fourth portion of a shawl worn by the novelist—a collection of family shawls in fact. In the way of literature, there is the copy of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' dated 1743, almost a heirloom in the Brontë family, and referred to by Mr. Augustine Birrell in his 'Life of Charlotte Brontë'; there is also her own copy of Dr. Watts' 'Doctrine of the Passions,' 1791, and a presentation copy of 'Jane Eyre' to Martha Brown, with an autograph inscription. There are many household relics—teapots, china, and so forth—of the Brontë family; the future novelist's doll-cradle, a silk-case worked by her when at Brussels, a lock of her hair taken after death by Mr. Nicholls and given to Martha Brown; two pew-doors and two gas-posts from Haworth old church, three carved stone vases from the mantelpiece of Charlotte Brontë's bedroom, and a portion of the carpet from the Brontë pew—altogether as varied a collection of curios as one could wish to possess."

The catalogue contains reproductions of two of the treasures of the collection, one a drawing by Charlotte Brontë of her sister's dog Flossie, the other a portrait of Charlotte Brontë, hitherto unpublished, signed "J. H. Thompson." This would be Thompson the Bradford artist who gave lessons to Branwell Brontë, but, none the less, I am disposed to doubt

the genuineness of the picture. It may, or may not, be the work of Thompson; I should certainly, without good evidence to the contrary, not believe it was done from life. It was probably painted after Mrs. Gaskell's Life had appeared, with Richmond's portrait of Miss Brontë attached, and was based upon that. It is perfectly true that Martha Brown was servant for many years at Haworth, and that Mr. Robinson Brown, who is now selling the relics, was a relative of hers. It is equally certain that many of Martha Brown's relics were scattered and are now in the possession of a variety of people. No doubt, the majority of these things are genuine, but the sale, nevertheless, tends to make the Brontë cult ridiculous. That one item in a great London auctioneer's catalogue should be "Wine-glass used in the Brontë Parsonage," and that another should be "Two Gas-posts from Haworth Old Church," is carrying hero-worship somewhat far.

Another sale in the same well-known auction-rooms is that of the library of the late Charles Kean—including valuable autograph-letters, engravings, &c., the relics of his father, Edmund Kean—which is sold by order of the executor of the late Mrs. Logie, the only child of Charles Kean, who inherited the collection. There is a letter there from Edmund Kean to his wife, dated, from the Theatre Royal, Richmond, Thursday, December 6, commencing, "My dear Mary, let us be no longer fools; come home, *forget and forgive*; if I have erred—it was my head, not my heart. . . my future life shall be employed in contributing to your happiness. . ."

In regard to this, the last letter Edmund Kean wrote to his wife (when he was very ill and wasting away), Mr. Hawkins, in his Life of Kean, says, "Could any woman have refused such an affecting and earnest entreaty? I think not. There was nothing adamant in Mary's temperament; and to an appeal like this she could return but one reply. She went at once to Richmond." The fact that this letter is published in Hawkins's "Life of Edmund Kean" does not in the least detract from the pathos of its sale, more than sixty years after it was penned, in a public auction-room.

Messrs. Sotheby and Co. have also for sale in a few days a most interesting collection of Dickens letters, one hundred and thirty-five in number, dating from the "Pickwick" period, 1836, to three weeks before his death, in 1870. The first letter is addressed to his publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and speaks of the proof of "Pickwick" and his play "The Strange Gentleman." Only three of the letters have ever been published, but it is one of these that I am tempted to print, as it is always interesting to read a contemporary account of a number of more or less distinguished men long after they have all passed away. Here, then, is a letter to Alexander Ireland, in reference to the famous benefit-performance on behalf of Poole, the author of "Paul Pry"—

"You may like to know, as a means of engendering a more complete individual interest in our actors, who they are. Jerrold and myself you have heard of. Mr. George Cruikshank and Mr. Leech (the best caricaturists of any time, perhaps) need no introduction. Mr. Frank Stone (a Manchester man) and Mr. Egg are artists of high reputation. Mr. Forster is the critic of the *Examiner*, the author of the 'Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth,' and very distinguished as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Lewes is also a man of great attainments in polite literature, and the author of a novel, published not long since, called 'Ranthorpe.' Mr. Costello is a periodical writer, and a gentleman renowned as a tourist. Mr. Mark Lemon is a dramatic author and the Editor of *Punch*—a most excellent actor as you will find. My brothers play small parts, for love, and have no greater note than the Treasury and the City confer on their



WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË OF ANNE BRONTË'S DOG, FLOSSIE.

To be Sold by Sotheby on July 2.

disciples. Mr. Thompson is a private gentleman, who fell in love with Miss Waller, the fair pianoforte-player of Liverpool once upon a time, and married her. You may know all this, but I thought it possible you might like to hold the key to our full company. Pray use it as you will. . . ."

C. K. S.

"PEACE HAS ITS VICTORIES NO LESS RENOWNED THAN WAR."

Photographs by Gregory, Strand.



THE MASTER BUTCHER.

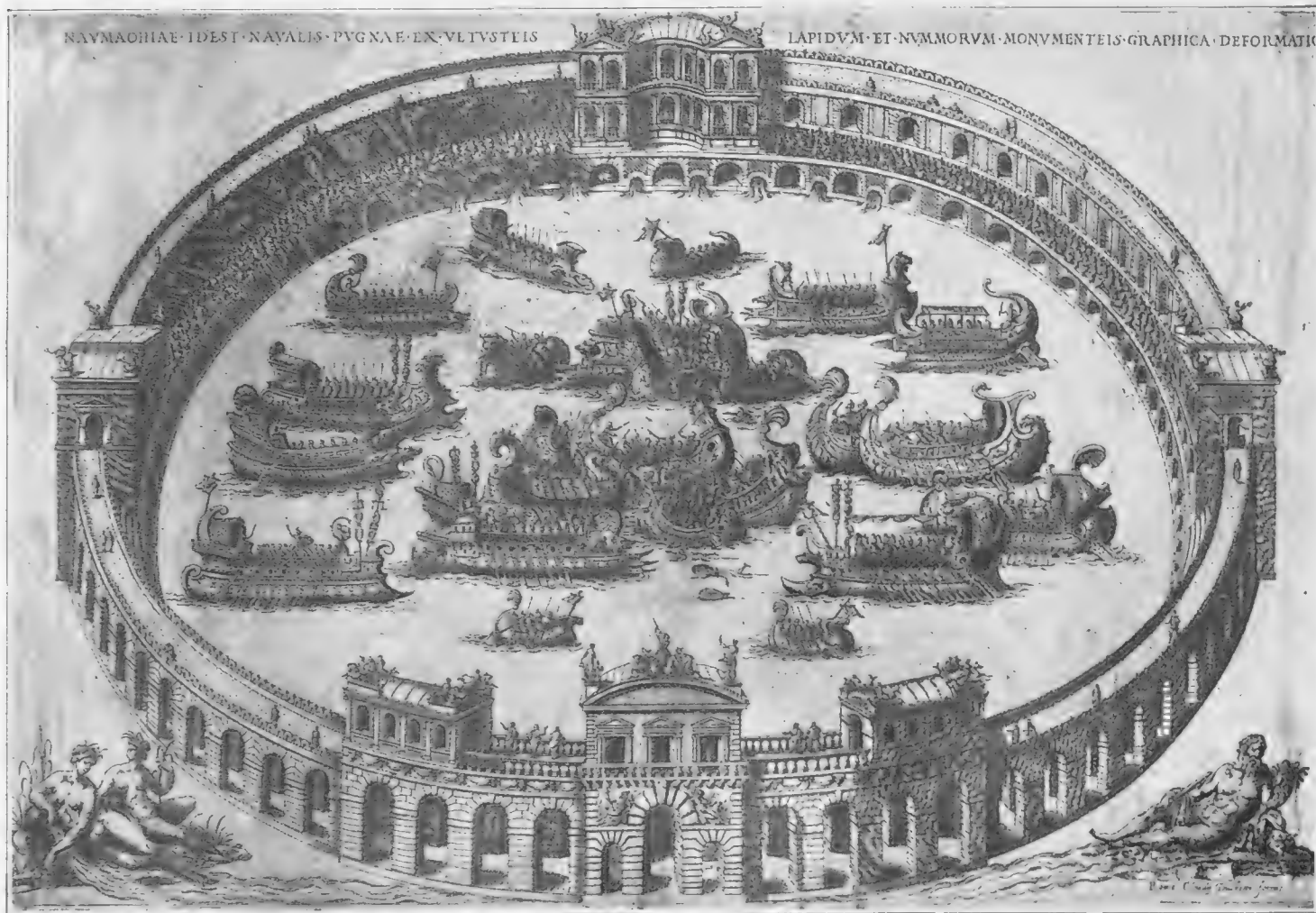


BRINGING UP FLOUR FOR TOMMY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Klondyke has, of course, already secured a place in fiction. The latest novel that makes use of that ungenial land of gold is Mr. Christie Murray's "Race for Millions" (Chatto), a detective story of the superior kind. It is most regrettable that the rage for this sort of tale should force writers who are made for better things to manufacture it. In any other kind of work, in any fiction made out of real life, Mr. Murray would shine with a more distinguished light. But, of course, he is too clever to fail entirely here. His plot is ingenious enough; his detective is a conceivable person; his villains and his victims are, at least, quite good enough for the purpose. But will the audience that demands this kind of story from him be content with his *dénouement*? That the race for millions should have been in vain was, in the given circumstances, what might have been expected. But the reasonable, the artistic ending will not satisfy the readers who rule the supply of detective literature, and who love to dream of greed largely, grossly, satisfied. Their

precisely enough, and feel some gratitude. I recommend his book very heartily. There are no safe and desirable statements in it at all; there are a great many rousing calls to literary consciences who thought they might safely go to sleep at this time of the day, so far as Browning and Whitman and Emerson were concerned. Not at all. Mr. Chapman will convince you, convince you by admirable reasoning, by new and more courageous readings, and by fighting assertions that call for your contradiction, that these men have not been finally judged, and that the controversies about them are questions of the very hour. His essay on Whitman will madden the more fanatic adherents of the great Walt; but I doubt if that eccentric genius had ever a higher compliment paid him than this fearless examination. Mr. Chapman is afraid of nothing—neither of English critics nor of his own countrymen. Perhaps it is of the Eastern States he speaks, but all America, were it not otherwise employed just now, would rise up in protest against such passages as this: "We in America, with our formal manners, our bloodless complexions, our perpetual decorum and self-suppression, are about as much in sympathy with the real element of Shakspeare's plays as a Baptist



AN OLD-FASHIONED NAVAL SPECTACLE.
Reproduced from an Old Print published in Rome.

discontent will be vengeance on the head of a writer of serious abilities for disloyalty to his talents.

Another story of crime—also of long hiding and innocence hardly proved—will be found in Miss Miller's "The St. Cadix Case" (Innes). But, while it has higher aspirations than the ordinary detective tale, it falls below that not very high level of the imitators of Sherlock Holmes in skill, in grip, and in powers of entertainment.

The Anglo-Saxon alliance has not yet been consummated in the field of letters. Will its arrival be long delayed by a message of this sort sent across the sea to us in a volume of American essays?

There has never been an English critic of the first rank, hardly a critic of any rank, and the critical work of England consists either of an academical bandying of a few old canons and shibboleths out of Horace or Aristotle, or else of the merest impressionism and wordy struggle to convey the sentiment awakened by the thing studied.

Now this is the kind of statement which it is quite useless to contradict. I will only say, magnanimously, that, though England has produced one or two writers whose critical powers might compete with those of the essayist I am quoting from, yet the same essayist will raise English opinion of the possibilities of American criticism immeasurably. We can stand abuse from a man like Mr. Chapman, whose "Emerson, and Other Essays," just issued by Mr. Nutt, is the brightest, most vigorous, and most independent thing of the kind we have been privileged to read for a long time. He will find that the "unconscious" mind of England will take stock of him, judge him

parson is with a fox-hunt. Our blood is stirred by the narration, but our constitution could never stand the reality." And now that I have shown that Mr. Chapman is a man to hit hard, I hope I have gained him the audience which he deserves and which he will reward.

"The Crook of the Bough" (Methuen) is in danger of dissatisfying two classes of readers whom it would fain cater for. There are pages of politics—the politics of Eastern Europe—and a good deal of discussion of such heavy problems as the position of women. This spoils the story, but perhaps the earnest-minded would forgive that. Only what will they say to the extreme seriousness with which chiffons are considered? And the frivolous, to whom the chiffons are welcome, will yawn over the rest. Of course, the very purpose of the book—a humorous contrast of women's two points of view—demands both, the authoress may say. But "chiffons" and "stodge" are contrasted in a needlessly heavy way. A light-handed, quick-witted satire would have done the thing, while Mrs. Norman drags her thesis along with a slow, ineffective conscientiousness which surprises us in so clever a writer. The story has a motive, however, and a centre of interest. That is already a distinction. And it has, too, a very novel character in the shape of a Turk devoted to women's suffrage.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE NAVAL WAR—AT EARL'S COURT.

The Earl's Court Exhibition defies the elements. If the weather be fine, there are the gardens, the bands, the lake, and the thousands of coloured lights, among the many attractions. If, however, it is unfavourable to open-air amusement, we have the pretty and spacious

London. It has the charm of novelty, it is eminently neat, it is extremely patriotic, and it sets the spectator wondering as to how it is done. The secret cannot be disclosed here, but an idea of some of the evolutions may be obtained from two of the pictures given, while



NAVAL SPECTACLE AT EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

Floral Lounge, where, amid the beauties of flowers and ferns, one may sit and smoke—and drink—and listen to delightful music, careless of cold or rain. But, beyond all, there is the Naval Display in the Empress Theatre—one of the very best entertainments ever given in

in curious contrast is the reproduction of an old engraving, lent by Mr. Harold T. Hartley, one of the directors of the London Exhibitions Company, to whom is due the credit of bringing to Earl's Court a clever show which is drawing, and delighting, the West-End.



NAVAL SPECTACLE AT EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRADELLE AND YOUNG, REGENT STREET, W.

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

To the traveller who approaches Leicester Square by way of Green Street, the first turning out of the southern side is St. Martin's Street, and the first house on the left in that is one at present "to let," which



MADAME D'ARBLAY'S HOUSE, 11, BOLTON STREET.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

"Journal to Stella." "I love her better than any-body here," he tells Esther Johnson, "and see her seldomer." He also speaks of dining with her "alone at her lodgings," which some have inferred to mean her uncle's house. Seeing, however, that Swift nowhere mentions Newton, this is unlikely. It is most probable that, as contended by the late Professor Augustus de Morgan, she was privately married to Halifax, who left her £5000 and other legacies. When he died in 1715, she, no doubt, returned to St. Martin's Street. Two years afterwards she became the wife of John Conduitt, M.P., Newton's successor as Master of the Mint, and there is evidence to show that, until Newton left for Kensington, his niece and her husband when in town continued to reside with him at Leicester Fields. Mrs. Conduitt's only daughter, afterwards Lady Lymington, is one of a group of children who are acting Dryden's "Conquest of Mexico" in a famous picture by William Hogarth, which is still preserved at Holland House.

In Newton's day there was a small observatory on the roof of No. 35, which he is said to have built. Whether that which figures in the modern representations of the house was the original structure or a later fabrication *ad hoc*, is arguable, but something of the kind certainly existed when the place had again distinguished tenants. In 1774, chiefly on account of its previous history, it was taken by Fanny Burney's father, Dr. Charles Burney. The author of "Evelina" speaks expressly of the observatory. "His [Newton's] observatory," she writes, "is my favourite sitting place, where I can retire to read or write any of my private fancies or vagaries," and it is clear that she composed in it part, at all events, of her first published novel. Her father treated the turret with marked veneration, not only piously repairing it when he commenced residence, but even going to the expense of practically reconstructing it, when, in 1778, it was all but destroyed by a storm. There are frequent references in Fanny Burney's early diary to her home in the Fields. The little street itself was "odious," but the house was "large and good," and "nearly in the centre of the town." To-day, as one looks at the wired and dingy windows, it is difficult to realise its many-peopled past. Yet here, without doubt, once came Burke and Reynolds; here Johnson brought blind Miss Williams to tea; here Barry danced uncouth minuets with

Mrs. Paradise; here the Bastardini sang; and here the gigantic Prince Orloff, who must almost have touched the then-painted ceilings with his lofty head, exhibited to the admiring company his miniature of the Empress Catherine.

After the Burneys, history records no further literary residents in No. 35, and its story becomes more difficult to follow. In a print "from an original drawing by Meredith," engraved by Lacy for the *European Magazine*, it is described as "The Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Fields, formerly the Residence of Sir Isaac Newton." This is dated 1811. In another print, dated 1837, and engraved by C. J. Smith, it is called "Newton's House," and has painted across the front "Orange Street Chapel Sunday and Infants' School, Established 1812." After 1837, it was for many years kept by a worthy couple named Bertholini as an Italian eating-house, where the bill-of-fare was more varied than the appointments were sumptuous. But those are still living who can remember the kindly host and hostess and their friendly attentions to their constant customers. Sala mentions Bertholini's in the second volume of "Things I Have Seen," and Edmund Yates also refers to it in his "Recollections," placing it, however, by a slip of the pen, in St. Martin's Place. The most recent allusion to the old restaurant is contained in a manuscript note contributed by Edward FitzGerald to Tennyson's "Life." It says that Tennyson's chief dinner resort in the ante-Laureate days "was Bertolini's at the Newton's Head, close to Leicester Square. We sometimes called it Dirlolini's, but not seriously, for the place was clean as well as very cheap and the cookery good for the price. Bertolini himself, who came to take the money at the end of the feast, was a grave and polite man. He retired with a fortune, I think." In 1889 the house was occupied as the Warrant Officers' Club, and it has played many other parts.



THE HOUSE WHERE SIR ISAAC NEWTON LIVED, OFF LEICESTER SQUARE.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

It may be added that the house, No. 11, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, where Fanny Burney lived after her husband's death in 1818, has been marked, like the Newton House, with the familiar circular tablet of the Society of Arts.



MR. G. W. CABLE.

This is a portrait of Mr. George Washington Cable, the well-known American author. He has been in England six weeks and has met all our most famous men, has given readings from his works to large audiences, has been photographed by Elliott and Fry, and has been the guest of Mr. J. M. Barrie, the popular novelist. Have you read Mr. Cable's books? You will find that they will justify the claim that he is one of the greatest writers in the English tongue now living. He treats of life in the Southern States of America, and offers curious contrasts of the old and the new—the Creole of Louisiana face to face with the Puritan of New England and the Yankee of New York. "Old Creole Days," a delightful volume of short stories, is published by Lawrence and Bullen. "Madame Delphine," which possesses equal charms, you can obtain from David Douglas of Edinburgh. "Bonaventure" is published by Sampson Low and Co., and "The Grandissimes," with an introduction by Mr. J. M. Barrie, has just appeared from the house of Hodder and Stoughton. Read these books, and you will greatly admire Mr. Cable, and you will be prouder than ever of the common possession with America of the English tongue.

THE STRANGE STORY OF STONEHENGE.

The shapeless but impressive ruin which relieves the desolation, while adding to the weirdness, of Salisbury Plain, has given rise to many a quaint and cranky speculation as to its origin and purpose. "God knows what its use was," writes Pepys in his Diary, after visiting the



STONEHENGE AS IT IS.

place in 1668, and the riddle of the stony Sphinx is only partly read to-day. Cromlechs, or stone circles, of various sizes and ages are scattered in thousands over the Northern Hemisphere, and these islands had their full share. Stonehenge was not the largest of its kind in Britain, for in the seventeenth century Aubrey describes the neighbouring circle at Avebury as "exceeding in greatness the so renowned Stonehenge as cathedral doeth a parish church." The fact that the huge blocks of Stonehenge have been hewn and shaped, while most of its fellows are composed of rough and unworked boulders, has caused experts to refer it to the Bronze Period.

Although it is now, and has long been, a confused ruin—the oldest existing drawing, one of the late sixteenth century, shows sad havoc in the structure—the original plan may be traced, especially with the help afforded by like erections elsewhere. Briefly outlined, it consisted of two concentric circles enclosing two horseshoe-like ellipses, both of which were open at the north-east. Within the inner ellipse is a recumbent block known as the "altar-stone." The entire structure was surrounded by an earthen rampart and ditch, which opened at the north-east point into an avenue, with a standing stone called the "Friar's Heel" in the middle, the interesting feature of this monolith being that on the longest day of the year the sun rises immediately over it, his rays falling on the "altar-stone." The outer circle, which is one hundred feet in diameter, was composed of large squared and roughly-hewn stones, with imposts dovetailed into each other, thus forming an unbroken colonnade. They are formed of blocks that strew the neighbouring valleys, and are locally known as "sarsens," probably a corruption of "Saracens," from a myth that they were Paynim warriors who had been turned into stone. Such legends abound wherever cromlechs or groups of standing stones occur—legends allied to the famous myth of Lot's wife, who did *not*, as the

examinee said, "become a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of salt by night." The inner circle consists of unhewn stones, which, being of the igneous rock known as syenite, must have been brought from a distance, perhaps from Wales or Cornwall, or the Channel Islands. Their presence points to some religious motive leading to the labour this involved. The outer ellipse was formed of five trilithons—upright stones supporting an impost or lintel—which are of the same material as the stones of the outer circle. The inner ellipse is formed of unhewn pillars, composed, like the inner circle, of igneous "blue-stones." Interest largely gathers round the "altar-stone," lying nearly flush with the ground, because it may have been a burial-place which was the nucleus of the surrounding circles and ellipses. For it seems a well-nigh universal custom that stones should be placed round a cist in which the dead were buried. Structures of this character have been found in the desert of Sinai; also in Central Arabia; and the Australian black-fellows still place stone pillars round the grave of a chief. Hence the connecting links between graves and altars, and between altars and temples. The burial-places became the seat of sacrifices to the spirits of the dead, and the primitive altars on which these sacrifices were offered became the shrines over which the fane was raised. The relation between the "Friar's Heel" and the midsummer solstice has given support to the theory that Stonehenge was a seat of sun-worship, but this may be as baseless as the droll mediæval legend which, lending its name to the monolith, tells how the devil, when busily setting up the stones which he had brought from Ireland, threw one at a mocking friar, hitting him

on the heel. Mr. Arthur Evans adduces cogent reasons in favour of a suggestion that a Sacred Tree stood within the central triliths, that tree being probably an oak, as specially sacred among Celtic peoples. Be this so or not, there will be agreement that the noble ruin was a roofless temple, from which, as the large number of animal remains found in the central area evidence, sacrifices to the nature-gods ascended. Space permits only bare reference to the relation here between the abode of the living and the tomb. The surrounding vallum is the village earthwork; the avenue is the gallery leading to the pit-dwelling, and the circle is the ring of stones enclosing or supporting the beehive-like hut.

EDWARD CLODD.



STONEHENGE AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A NONSENSE-POET.

*I never saw a Purple Cow; I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow, I'd rather see than be one.*

This is the quatrain as I wrote it. Can you see anything in it to achieve the notoriety that it has brought upon me? I cannot escape the animal; she has pursued me from California to New York, and now, when I have fled to London, my Nemesis stalks into drawing-rooms to make me conspicuous. The public know nothing of the *Lark* save that that magazine was the stamping-ground of the Purple Cow; they ignore Phyllida, an Early English maiden whom I chaperoned as an exponent of the "light essay." *Le Petit Journal des Refusées* and *Enfant Terrible* each died before the second number was demanded, *Vivette* is still struggling through her first edition; but the Purple Cow is alive and kicking, and her lowing haunts me when I would put off motley and sell a Chant-Royal. The quatrain has been translated into at least four different languages (I have no doubt), and has won the touching compliment of parody. But I would I knew the tune that this old cow would die on!

There are, indeed, enough other ways in which to make me uncomfortable, and, much as one kindles a back-fire to save at least something from destruction, so I lay bare the embarrassing secrets of my life for the world to mock at. Anything is better than a Purple Cow. If it were a bull, now—I have made bulls, too, in my time, but they do not haunt me.

I was a fool enough, in the first place, for my pains with my education, and I give you freely this handle by which to lash me. One would hardly expect the author of the "Purple Cow" to be a Bachelor of Science, yet I have had my whack of civil engineering, and all the good my four years of study and my three years at the draughting-table did me was to prove I was no civil engineer, but merely an incipient nonsense-poet. I did my time in the field and in the office of the railway, while the Purple Cow was slowly approaching from Dreamland, where she had been consorting with Night-Mares.

Some presentiment of my fate, no doubt, made me make a last attempt to escape my doom. I crossed the continent and the Atlantic, and tried to lose myself in Southern France and Spain. The peasants of the Ardèche pointed at me in every canton, the third-class travellers in Andalusia grinned at me and said words I could not understand. Could they have had prescience of the Cow? Even Mariano, the King of the Gypsies in Granada, led me into his cave, honouring me as one who should achieve something of his bizarre distinction. But the bellows of the Cow, that was to be, blew me to the West again, and no scrutiny of bloody bull-fights in Sevilla taught me the *coup-de-grâce*. I need no purple cloak to wave in the face of my monster—it is more a question of vaulting the nearest barricade, white-faced and trembling, or of falling off the far side of my horse, when the Cow gores my reputation.

There were, however, three years of decency left me, and I put on the unbecoming mantle of respectability, and posed with dignity as an instructor in the University of California. I wore it all awry, no doubt, but it served to cloak some of my spangles, and the Faculty did not know, in my disguise, whom they were harbouring. A few eyebrows were lifted when it transpired that I had turned amateur iconoclast, and the cast-iron statue of Dr. Cogswell in San Francisco is now a thing of legend and traditions; legends, however, somewhat too closely connected with my name, for my accomplices were indiscreet. What my dignity suffered, however, Art gained, and the effigy of a living quack-doctor (three-quarters size) does not now greet the tourist as he debouches from the Ferry of Frisco.

We plunged gaily into journalism then, I and *les Jeunes* with whom I still had standing. It was in 1895, and there had just begun a plague of miniature periodicals in the United States. Leading these, but the effect of the same cause of being, the *Lark* arose, soaring spontaneously, as our friends were good enough to say, and for two years its unconventionality made it warm friends, if not large revenues. It was in the first number that the "Purple Cow"

appeared, and she was hailed with a storm of sarcastic applause. She supplied countless dairies of delight, and, it seems, she has not yet run dry. The *Lark* exploited several distinct lines of Art and Literature, and their incongruous juxtaposition caught the fancy of the few, and set its pages as a sort of crux of a certain whimsical sense of humour.

As fast as our policy crystallised, *les Jeunes* started another periodical still more *outré*, as a protest against convention. *Le Petit Journal des Refusées*, purporting to contain only articles that had been refused by other magazines, was a wonderful sixteen-page trapezoid-shaped affair, printed on wall-paper, each number of a different pattern, and illuminated with atrocious decorations. It was sheer nonsense in its most debased form—irreverent, atrocious, and unsuccessful. It was tossed into prominence by the horns of no Purple Cow, however, and lasted but one number. The next attempt was with *Phyllida*; or, *The Milkmaid*, in the hope that the subtle relations between her and the Cow aforesaid might give the folio prestige. It was printed in the style of the *Taller*, with old types cast for us from old matrices cut in 1740; but Phyllida's manner did not save Phyllida's matter, and she committed suicide at the early age of four weeks.

Now, here is already laughing-stock enough at ruinous rates, that might pay good dividends to any critic; but there was, besides, a venture into publishing, and one book well worth a column of satire. There were six real poems in "Seen and Unseen," by my young Japanese mystic, Yone Noguchi, though the other lines have had good friends, too. There are still two hundred and seventeen copies left, which will be sent free to reviewers, provided they do not mention the beast of ill omen.

California soon grew too small for a poet who could chase a quatrain into so many editorial sanctums, and I mounted bareback on the Cow and rode gaily into New York. The brute had been there before me in the wilderness, and I ran the gauntlet of obvious quotations. To such of the editors who had escaped her visits I sold stories—discreet psychological analyses, more suited to the library than to the barn-yard, and these will, no doubt, appear in due season; it is enough to say that they have been paid for.

And to all this add "*Vivette*," a sparkling novelette which, I am assured, has its weak points. I have myself made fun of her in the public prints, pointing out its cleverly impossible style and its charmingly fanciful improbabilities, but I cannot divert the attention of the public, who are still keen on Purple Cows. Thus I have been cruel, only to be kind.

I shall not speak of my latest effort, *Enfant Terrible*, published in

New York on All Fools' Day. No one has ever heard of it, except in preliminary announcements, and so I would not have that mad monthly lose prestige. The *Infant* was born great, but had oblivion thrust upon it in the shape of acres of publishers' advertisements. The public would neither take it seriously nor humorously; they would not take it at all.

But the Purple Cow has enemies at last, and I propose to kill her fame with Goops. If you have never seen a Goop, there is still hope for you. The Liverbone Goop is a thing of wire and chewing-gum, one "contangent harmonious loop," in fact, and his history, which is as full of incident and satire as "*Gulliver's Travels*," is to appear in the "*Child's History of Goopland*." Should this fail to exterminate the Cow, a whole family of Goop Babies, already in the custody of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, will do their best to rival the quatrain with their "*Manuals of Manners for Polite Infants*."

And so I have come to London to slaughter the Cow. I shall kill her with essays, if I can write any deadly enough. I shall tire her patience with a tedious romance; or, if worst comes to worst, Spring poems must be forgiven me, for I have written poems, too, in my day—witness this little plaint, the summation of my trials—

The Window has four little Panes,
But one have I!
The Window-Pains are in its Sash;
I wonder Why!

GELETT BURGESS.



MR. GELETT BURGESS, WHO WROTE "THE PURPLE COW."

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



THIS IS AN EXCELLENT SAMPLE OF WOOD-ENGRAVING, AND ISN'T THE GIRL SWEET?

THE ART OF THE DAY.

This week I present you with a wood-engraving. *The Sketch* has always been the great exponent of process, for the simple reason that the wood-engraver committed suicide so far as weekly journalism is concerned. For my own part, I have never been able to see why one should bolster up an intermediary art which came into existence simply because there was no substitute for it by which a picture might be transferred to a surface capable of being printed. Now and again a really striking piece of wood-engraving turns up, as in the case of the picture I give on the opposite page, and such a book as *Mdlle. de Bovet's* recent work on Scotland showed wood-engraving on a very high level indeed. As an art, however, it seems to be almost as much on the decline as line-engraving.

For the reproduction of oil-paintings, however, give me still process-work. You see how excellently it preserves the character of the two pictures in the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, which I give on this page. Mr. Wilson has caught an attitude with grace, and Mr. Tuck tells a story which interests more people (sad as that may be to the purist) than mere technique.

In another part of this issue I reproduce a very clever silhouette. I am of opinion that the art of the silhouette is reviving. To me, personally, I confess it is as full of charm as the miniature, which has come into its own again. Some excellent samples of silhouette work have recently been done by Mr. Leslie Willson, who manipulates an ordinary background in an attractive way. Probably the greatest modern master of the silhouette is Caran d'Aché.



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THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.—CHARLES E. WILSON.
Exhibited in the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

The recrudescence of the silhouette, I take it, is the natural evolution of the development of black-and-white art, which the invention of process-work has done so much to foster. Not that process-work needs any apologist. Its detractors are on the decline, and must become as extinct as the dodo, for the theory on which process-work is based has come to stay. There can be very little doubt of that. The different processes in vogue will undoubtedly change in themselves, and we are as yet only on the threshold of the invention.

Among the medals awarded at the International Art Exhibition at Vienna, eight have fallen to British artists. Three painters and one sculptor receive the large gold medal, Mr. E. A. Abbey for his "Hamlet," Mr. Haacker for "The Cloister or the World," Mr. Alexander Harrison for his "Arcadia," and Mr. Onslow Ford for his statue "Echo"; and four painters get the small gold medal, Mr. Ralph Peacock, Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, Mr. R. B. Nisbet, and Mr. Edward Stott. Mr. F. A. Bridgman, an American painter, is also awarded a small gold medal.

The writer of the Art Notes in the *Globe* referred the other day to a rumoured secession from the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and the project for the creation of a new society for the encouragement of this branch of art practice. I am inclined to believe that "the multiplication of exhibitions is very far from being an advantage, for it tends to lower

the standard of each collection and to give opportunities not to the more capable artists whom people want to see, but to the amateur and inefficient professionals whose efforts have little claim to attention."



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EMBRACING THE OPPORTUNITY.—HARRY TUCK.
EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

"THE NIBELUNG'S RING," AT COVENT GARDEN.

WAGNER ON WOTAN.

Friedrich Nietzsche, in one of his earlier and now less-known books, amid much that is suggestive and valuable on the subject of Wagner's music-dramas, emphasises the fact that the tragic hero of the "Nibelung's Ring" is a god. In view of this particularity, which so widely differentiates Wagner's tetralogy from all the other great dramatic poems of the world, it cannot but be interesting to go over some of the mental ground traversed by the dramatist before he proceeded to embody for presentation on the stage the primeval and significant Nibelungen myth. This, in various passages of his voluminous prose-writings, he himself enables us to do—nowhere so consecutively, perhaps, as in the second volume of his Collected Works, from the pages of which I have gathered and turned into English as follows.

Mankind, says Wagner, receives its first impressions from the natural world surrounding it, and from the earliest beginnings no phenomenon can have exerted so powerful an influence upon it as that of light. It became in man's eyes the begetter, the father, the god, and on this way of looking at things an ethical consciousness may have established itself in man and have developed itself to a perception of the beneficial and the harmful, of the friendly and the hostile, of the good and the bad. So far, at all events, has this first impression from nature to be considered as the common basis of the religions of all peoples. The Frankish folk-myth shows us, in its remotest visibility, the individualised light-god, or sun-god, as conqueror and slayer of the primeval and chaotic night-monster—this is the original signification of Siegfried's dragon-fight, a fight of like nature with that waged by Apollo against the Python. But in the same manner as the day at last yields again to the night, as the summer at last again to the winter, so in his turn again was Siegfried slain; in this way the god became man, and in his character of departed hero he fills our minds with fresh and intensified sympathy. Hence, the old-time fight is continued in our fancy, and its varying result is identified with the continually recurring vicissitudes of day and night, of summer and winter, of life and death, of joy and sorrow; it is conducted on and on, and thus, through ceaseless renovations, in and by its own multiplicity of actions, brings itself to consciousness of the inmost nature of man and the world.

The essence of this everlasting movement, the essence of life itself, found at length its expression in "Wuotan" (Zeus) as the overruling god, the father and permeator of the universe; and though, in obedience to the idea embodied in him, he was compelled to assume the place of chief god, and, as such, to be counted father to the other divinities, he was in no sense historically elder than they, having emanated only from a more recent and more exalted stage of man's consciousness of himself. Wuotan is therefore more abstract than the old Nature-god, this latter, on the contrary, more physical, and, so to speak, personally more native to mankind. That at the time of the Conversion to Christianity those old religious notions were not of necessity altogether sacrificed, is not only established on fact, but can without difficulty be demonstrated from the essential contents of the ancient traditions themselves. The abstract chief god of the Germans, Wuotan, had no need to actually retire before the God of the Christians; he was able rather to be completely identified with the latter; he had only to put off the external trappings with which the different tribes, each in accordance with its particularity, locality, and climate, had disguised him; the fundamental qualities with which he was endowed corresponded, for the rest, completely with those attributed to the Christian god. Christianity, indeed, up to the present day has not succeeded entirely in rooting out the old elementary or local Nature-gods; the most recent folk-legends and plentifully existing popular superstitions bear witness to this in the nineteenth century. . . . With thought and action the gods brought order into the world, restrained the elements with far-foreseeing laws, and devoted themselves assiduously to the nurturing of the human race. The might of the gods is over all things. But the peace through which they attained to sovereignty is not founded on reconciliation; it is brought about by force and craft. The purpose of the higher world-sway inaugurated by them is ethical consciousness; but blame, such as they seek to exterminate, is incurred by themselves. Wotan cannot by his own action extirpate it without committing a fresh wrong: only a Will unfettered and independent of the gods themselves, a Will that is in position to take upon itself and expiate all blame, can unbind the spell, and in mankind the gods perceive the capability of developing such an unfettered and independent Will. Into mankind, therefore, the gods seek to infuse their own divinity, so as to lift his power to such a height that, on arriving at a consciousness of it, he may throw off the gods' protection, in order to carry out of his own free-will what his inward spirit dictates to him. To this high office, the office of wiping out the blame they themselves have incurred, the gods now proceed to educate mankind, sure that their object would be attained upon their obliterating themselves in this purposely prepared human race; that is to say, upon their abdicating their own immediate activity and influence in favour of the Freedom of human Consciousness. Here we must pause, but enough of Wagner's utterances will have been given to show how profoundly serious were the views he sought to embody in the "Nibelung's Ring," and to indicate to readers of the not always easy alliterative text the source to which at need they may go for "more light."

WHAT SIEGFRIED STANDS FOR.

As with Wotan, the God-Hero of the "Nibelung's Ring," so with Siegfried, its Man-Hero, Wagner himself in his prose writings has enabled us to follow the trains of thought and feeling which led him to both the inward and outward constitution of the chief supporter of the *human* action in his great mytho-dramatic creation. The mythology of the younger European, and in particular of the Germanic, peoples proceeded from its foundation in the observance of natural phenomena to the creation of Gods and Heroes. Siegfried's dragon-fight is the Teutonic pendant to the Hellenic Apollo's combat with the Python. When light had triumphed over darkness, when Siegfried had slain the Nibelungen-dragon, he came by right of booty into possession of the monster-guarded Nibelungen-hoard—the earth herself, with all her splendour, such as at break of day and in the first glad beams of the sun we recognise and revel in as our own, emerging from the cheerless gloom which had been spread upon it by the outstretched dragon-wings of the now dissipated night.

On the other hand, Siegfried's possession of the hoard is what leads to his death, for the Heir of the Dragon seeks to regain the treasure, insidiously contrives against its holder, as the night against the day, and draws him to himself in the hidden realm of death. My studies of Teutonic antiquity led me through and beyond the poems of the Middle Ages on to the ground of the old primeval Northern myth. Much as, long previously, I had been attracted by the radiant and exalted figure of Siegfried, it was unable to exert upon me its full fascination before I had succeeded in stripping it of all later disguises and in placing it before my mind's eye in its pure and unadulterated *human* significance. Now for the first time did I recognise the possibility of moulding him into the hero of a drama. In the autumn of the year 1848 I conceived a poetic scheme of the whole Nibelungen-myth. . . . This was closely followed by "Siegfried's Death"—an attempt to present, in the shape of a drama for our stage, one of the principal catastrophes of the great action. When, later, I came to the idea of "Siegfried" (the third of the plays constituting the "Nibelung's Ring"), I felt, without at first any reference to the musical conditions of its treatment, the impossibility of executing the drama in modern verse-form. In my conception of the character of Siegfried I had arrived at the point where I beheld the man before me in the joyous and unsophisticated fulness of his sensuously vital self-manifestation. No historical garment any longer hampered him; no external relationship any longer impeded the activity arising from the innermost well-head of his delight in life, and, in face of every varied occurrence, so comporting itself that the errors and entanglements consequent upon the unfettered play of passion could multiply themselves in forms of visible destruction around him without—even under imminence of death—compelling the hero to staunch for a moment the outward flow of what was in his heart, or, indeed, to consider himself as justifiably concerned with anything but the full freedom of the ceaseless stream of feeling from within himself. He was for me the human incorporation of the spirit of everlasting and creative spontaneity, the embodiment of the doer of actual deeds, of man in the completeness of his highest and directest energy, as well as of his unhesitating ability to attract love. . . . In harmony with Siegfried's inner and outer being—so seemed it to me—should be his mode of speech. Our modern, abstractly devised versification, with its uncertain and incorporeal form, was here no longer of avail. The fanciful illusion of the end-rhyme was no longer able to conceal beneath an appearance of flesh the absence of all organic bone-structure.

I should have been compelled altogether to relinquish my Siegfried-drama, unless I could have executed it in some other form of verse. It was necessary for me, therefore, to consider the question of a different "speech-music." And yet I had hardly so much to consider about it as to take a decision upon it, for at the source of the primeval mythology where I had come upon the fair and youthful shape of Siegfried, I found no less the concrete and perfect form of utterance in which alone the hero could fittingly reveal himself. This vehicle of expression was no other than the old alliterative verse which, in agreement with the actual speech-accent, adapts itself to the most natural and vital rhythms, which lends itself at all times easily to the conveyance of thoughts and feelings, however various, and which is the verse-form employed by the folk itself when it was yet both poet and myth-creator. . . . The earlier drama, "Siegfried's Death," had, as I now perceived, being merely a first attempt to shape for dramatic presentation one of the most important "moments" of the Nibelungen myth. In this drama I had been obliged, without special will, to refer to a multitude of important relative matters in order to let the given dramatic crisis be seen in its strongest significance. These references, however, could naturally be incorporated in the drama under an epic form only, and here was the point that inspired me with mistrust as to the effectiveness of the play from the stage point of view proper. In midst of this anxiety I lit upon the idea of dramatically treating on its own account a specially attractive portion of the myth, which in "Siegfried's Death" had been obliged to take the narrative shape. Apart from this, however, it was the myth-material itself which prompted me so strongly to give it dramatic form that it required nothing more than Liszt's summons to bring with lightning-speed into being the Young Siegfried of the "Nibelung's Ring," the Winner of the Hoard and the Wakener of Brinnhilde.

ALFRED FORMAN.



SIEGMUND DRAWS FROM THE TREE THE MAGIC SWORD THAT IS TO SAVE THE WORLD.

THE QUATERCENTENARY OF VASCO DA GAMA'S

DISCOVERY OF THE ROAD TO INDIA.

The festivities which have recently taken place throughout the Portuguese dominions at home and abroad, as well as in foreign countries, in celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of the sea-route to India by Vasco da Gama, will lend an interest to the photographs given herewith.



PORTRAIT OF VASCO DA GAMA.

Sines is a small and picturesque town on the western coast of Portugal, some distance to the south of Setubal, with a considerable fishing industry and some important cork-factories. Here, in the middle of the fifteenth century, for the exact date is unknown, Vasco da Gama was born, and the house in which, according to local tradition, he first saw the light is still pointed out. It has been much altered and modernised, and the same remark applies to the chapel ("ermida," literally, a hermitage with a chapel attached) of Nossa Senhora das Salas, or Salvas, which was

either built or restored by the great navigator; it still bears in Gothic letters on the wall at the left of the entrance this legend: "This house of Nossa Senhora das Salas, the Most Magnificent Lord Dom Vasco da Gama, Count of Vidigueira, Admiral and Viceroy of the Indies, had erected. It was built in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1529."

Vasco da Gama's attachment to Sines was shown in still another way, for it is related that whenever he passed the town by sea he caused his ships to charge their bombards and pay it the homage of a salute. Various portraits of him exist. That which is by some considered the oldest is due to Gaspar Corrêa, author of the "Lendas da Índia," and it now hangs in the Viceroy's Palace at Goa; it has, unfortunately, been retouched. Another, reckoned the most authentic, as having been painted from life, belongs to the Lisbon Academy of Fine Arts, and has often been reproduced; for instance, by the Viscount de Juromenha in the sixth volume of his edition of the works of Camoens. The portrait reproduced here is copied from an old engraving in the chapel at Sines, which has been already mentioned.

It is nearly four hundred and one years since Vasco da Gama set out on his memorable voyage, the result of which was to turn the face of Europe from East to West, by substituting the route round the Cape for the old way to the East by the isthmus of Suez, and to destroy the power of Venice by diverting the Eastern trade, on which it was built up, to Lisbon, making it the world's mart. In December 1487, Bartholomew Diaz had returned from his discovery of the southern extremity of the African continent, which he called the

efforts, would soon be reached. Shortly afterwards, D. Manoel succeeded to the throne, and at once had a small fleet made ready, consisting of the flagship, the *St. Gabriel* of 120 tons, the *St. Raphael* of 100 tons, the *Berrio* of 80 tons, and a store-ship, and entrusted the command to Vasco da Gama. The latter then held the position of a gentleman of the Royal Household, and was, even at that time, noted for his prudence and daring, and his knowledge of geographical and mathematical science, while his good seamanship had been proved in several voyages to the Guinea Coast. He and his companions, including his brother, the noble Paulo da Gama, set sail on July 9, 1497, after hearing Mass at the little Chapel of Our Lady of Restello, built by Prince Henry the Navigator near to the spot where later on rose the Jeronimos, Portugal's greatest architectural glory, designed by its founder, D. Manoel, to commemorate the discovery of India.

The course of the voyage, its perils and hardships, and final success, have been sung of by Camoens in the immortal stanzas of the *Lusiads*; suffice it to say that Vasco da Gama cast anchor off Calicut on May 21, 1498, and reached Lisbon on the return voyage on Sept. 8 or 9, 1499, after an absence of twenty-six months, bringing back but 55 men out of the 170 who had started with him on an expedition the effect of which was to revolutionise the commercial history of Europe. He made two more voyages to India, one in 1502 and the other in 1524, when John III. sent him out as Viceroy, and he died at Cochin on Christmas Day in that year, aged over seventy. His body was brought back to Portugal in 1538, and it now rests with those of Camoens, Herculano, and João de Deus in



THE TOWN OF SINES AND THE BAY.

the national Pantheon, the Jeronimos, at Belem. Surely it is a noteworthy fact that, of the three navigators whose achievements have



THE CHAPEL OF NOSSA SENHORA DAS SALAS AT SINES.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH VASCO DA GAMA WAS BORN.

Cape of Storms, but which King John II. re-named the Cape of Good Hope, from the hope he had that India, the goal of a century of

most influenced the course of history, Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Magellan, two were Portuguese!

EDGAR PRESTAGE.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



IN SEARCH OF A HONEYMOON.



ON THE MARCH.

IS THERE A FAMINE IN IRELAND?

A REPLY TO THE FLIPPANT CORRESPONDENT OF THE "DAILY MAIL."

Mr. G. W. Stevens, a young journalist with a gift for "smart" writing, has been to Ireland for the "Daily Mail," and contributed to that journal four articles under the title of "In Search of a Famine." His articles, which practically denied the existence of a famine, made very humorous reading to those who are entirely indifferent as to whether a large number of the Queen's subjects are actually in a state bordering on starvation, and have only been saved from it by the contributions of charitable Englishmen. The "Spectator," with almost equal flippancy for so staid an organ, has given its support to Mr. Stevens's articles without any attempt to discover whether these articles tell the truth or not, and without any inquiry as to whether there existed any independent testimony of an unimpeachable character in opposition to Mr. Stevens. Such testimony is afforded by the "Manchester Guardian," a journal of prestige and character, which commissioned Professor Long to visit the famine-stricken districts of Ireland and to describe what he saw. Professor Long's carefully written articles in the "Manchester Guardian," brimful of statistics and hard facts, had such an effect in Lancashire that a committee was formed at Manchester, and £15,000 was subscribed for the famine-stricken districts of Ireland. Meanwhile, the accompanying article by Professor Long has been written for "The Sketch," in reply to Mr. Stevens's contributions to the "Daily Mail."—[ED. SKETCH.]

It has been said that nothing is more destructive than ridicule. That is not quite correct; ridicule cannot compete against truth, if truth is an answer to ridicule. The condition of the cotter in various parts of the West of Ireland, unparalleled, I believe, in any civilised country in the world, has now for six months been the subject of keen debate, in Parliament and out. Englishmen, official and unofficial, have had the opportunity of testing the accuracy of such statements as have been made, with the result that the Manchester fund has been established and Government relief works opened, upon which destitute men and women are employed. It has, however, been found necessary by one of the most enterprising ventures in modern journalism to ridicule this distress, and, in a series of articles, more remarkable for their

HEARTLESSNESS AND FLIPPANCY

than for their truth, to excite a new form of distrust of the Irish poor. The author has been on a mission which it was apparently not necessary to accomplish; he has searched for a famine which, owing to the relief which has been offered, does not exist, but he has, nevertheless, carefully avoided those very remote villages where distress is common, and where he would have seen such examples of human suffering and misery as would have melted even his adamant heart. The public are told that there are "milch-cows on a thousand hills," that there is an "abundance of stock," allied with "shiftless and contented poverty," and such land as would realise from £3 to £5 an acre were it near London. And what will be inferred from this? Not surely what is the real truth, that there is not an acre of such land in the forty square miles of Mayo in which the poor cotters live, that there are hundreds of thousands of acres of similar land from which threepence an acre cannot be obtained, that thousands have not a head of stock of any kind, and that it is next to impossible to find a milch-cow of the value of £3. There are people who go to the West in the expectation of finding starving angels. Nothing less than

ABSOLUTE STARVATION

is sufficiently sensational for their purpose, and they are disappointed to find the people living upon a half-ration of English swine-food, maize-meal and water, or seaweed, or shell-fish, so coarse that a pauper would refuse it and starve. They find, too, that the Irish peasant possesses the frailties as well as the virtues of the human race. Let me quote a few facts not drawn from Killala, which is but the starting-point for the districts of West Mayo, thirty and forty miles away, nor from Foxford, where public funds and private charity, supplemented by the devoted labours of the Sisters of the Convent, have done so much, and where, I believe—I speak from personal observation—there is no semblance of that sorrow and suffering to be found in West Mayo and Connemara, in which two districts reside the pith and marrow of the destitution of a nation.

Here is the village of Ardmore, in the parish of Moyrus, with the valuation of £67 12s., which covers the houses and land—the farms, if you will—of fifty-five tenants, who do not possess "milch-cows on a thousand hills," but whose rent varies from 5s. to 60s., and whose acreage includes from 25 to 50 per cent. of

BARE GRANITE STONES.

I briefly describe the first of the many huts which I entered absolutely as they came. Stephen Feehey and his family of five reside in a room of 10 ft. by 8 ft., entered by a door 4 ft. 6 in. by 18 in. wide, through which I could scarcely pass. The floor, upon which they sleep, is of stone, and was well sanded. The rent is 21s., and the rates 1s. 6d. Formerly kelp-making was followed, but a ring among buyers has destroyed the industry, and this man and his son and daughter are absolutely without employment, apart from the relief works, upon which he is temporarily earning one shilling for a day of nine hours. He possessed a cow and calf, both of which have been sold to buy food, and he cannot fish for want of a boat. There are no employers, because there are no residents beyond the priest, the doctor, and the shopkeeper, and yet there are 720 families in the parish. It is asserted that the men do not work at all on the relief; that, in a word, others are paid to work for them. Such assertions are pitiful, but the letters I have referred to bristle so freely with

EXAGGERATIONS AND MISSTATEMENT

that they might have been dismissed but for the publicity which they have received. I have recently inspected a large number of relief works in

Mayo and Galway, and I can have no hesitation as to what is the right thing to say. The men apply only too eagerly for employment, and they are engaged in accordance with their claims. I have been freely among them, and can testify to one fact which is common to every district. The Government relief works are chiefly road and wall making. Quarrying, therefore, becomes necessary, with the haulage of the stone to the road. In this work the old men and the women are mere beasts of burden, carrying loads of stone on their backs, through, for such work, a long and weary day, and yet it is heartlessly suggested that the day is from eight to two o'clock, although "opinions seem to differ, some saying it is eight to five." What a comment upon the thoroughness and impartiality of an investigation which undertakes to flout a harmless and a suffering people! If the Irish peasant is such an impossible person as he is described,

WHO IS TO BLAME?

What can be expected from a race thousands of whom have not been taught the English language? Why is technical education alone permeating the village life of England? Why is it denied to people living under the same flag, people who need it a thousand times more than those of any country under the British Crown?

I need not do more than recapitulate the conditions of the poor cotter's life. An occupier of a stone hut, often without door or window, furniture or food, and with the thatch falling in, he tills a few acres of bog or stone-land which he rents at ten times its natural value. He grows but two crops, and of these he knows but little—potatoes for his food, and oats for his cow, sometimes supplemented by a few rods of cabbage or turnip. Of other crops he knows absolutely nothing. The common vegetables of the English labourer—the bean, the pea, the onion, the carrot, and the parsnip—are all strange to him, and are

UTTERLY UNKNOWN

to thousands of his neighbours. In a good season his potato crop provides him with food; it is his only ration winter and summer, unless he fishes or possesses a cow, or sells kelp, or goes to England for the harvest, or unless his family earn a few shillings by lace-making or knitting stockings—at sweating prices—or send him, as many do, part of their earnings from America, to which country the flower of the West is still departing, to our loss and to their gain. The unreal picture which has been drawn is all the less excusable inasmuch as something is admitted. Twenty-four hours in an Irish town and its vicinity will not enable even a brilliant writer to see the cotter as he is and to read his troubles and his aspirations. Nor will it reveal to him the thousand monuments to the emigrant and the dead, the ruined cottages, the rock-bound graveyards, and the once-tilled potato-plots, which are everywhere suggestive of huge sepulchres of a historic but terrible past.

JAMES LONG.

THE LAY OF A "DIALS" MUSICIAN.

Pack me up mi Consertyna; for the summer's 'ere at larst,
And the mellow-carted trippers, they are leavin' London, farst.
Hi must katch 'em whilst they're 'oppin', for it's then the rhino flies.
Moosick's horf 'ere in the City, orl hi gets is "'Old yer nise."
But they'll tike it on like Christins when they're by the sad sea waives.
An' they'll jine the bally choris—City Fathers, an' the'r wives.
But it's 'ere lies o:l the diff'rence—Jack is JOHN, in London Tahn;
Turn 'im loose beside the hoshun, an' 'e doesn't care a brahn.

Pack me up mi Consertyna, hi must serenhard the gals,
Giv' 'em just a breath o' Vagner, an' a dash o' "Dear Old Pals";
Mike 'em think o' d'ys departed, when their moosick-marster stood.
With the glimmer o' the sun-lite glitt'rin' from 'is dy mine stud.
That's the hobjee' o' good moosick; it should strike a tender chord:
Mike folks arsk if life's wuth livin'—touch a coster or a lord.
Lestwise, that's the w'y hi sees it, an', you bet, the gime it p'ys.
Come, mi darlin' Consertyna, trill agen the good old l'ys.

GEOFFREY PENWORTH.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The existence and prosperity of "health-resorts" is a great wonder to the dispassionate observer. The yearly flight of hundreds of thousands from their homes to other, possibly pleasanter, but certainly less sanitary spots, and their firm belief that only such a journey and stay saved them from dangerous illness, is a standing miracle. Of course, sea-air and the breath of pine-woods and pure mountain breezes are good for most people; but in many cases the conditions of travelling to the "health-resort" and staying there are far from beneficial. If we go to statistics, Islington has as low a death-rate as many boasted seaside places; Primrose Hill and Hampstead Heath can give points to the Alps for salubrity. Yet, undoubtedly, the yearly change is a great benefit to many. Is all this due to the curative power of the imagination?

Imagination does much; but there is more in "health-resorts" than this, otherwise their value would have to be classed with that of the extortionate ignorance that dubs itself "Christian Science." When the

part of the social system. You come back home with the remembrance of a number of customs which are not those of your own people, and yet seemed to you perfectly rational; and though you inevitably relapse into your own old grooves of thought and life, you will never after quite lose the consciousness that, as Transatlantic wits used to say, "There are others."

And, apart from the benefit of change of air and scene, a "health-resort," especially if it has a regular system of treatment, is bound to do its frequenters good. Abroad, the patients scorn the man who drinks not of their tap, and the servants will remind the stranger if he omits his commanded glass. Society at a Bad is organised round and for the "Cure."

Therefore, man adapts himself to his environment (I thank thee, Herbert Spencer, for teaching me that word!) He drinks and walks and denies himself, having nothing else to do, and takes prescribed sleep and food and exercise as if he were in a prison. But, having the approval of his conscience, he does not mind his routine. He is a



CYNTHIA BAY, WHERE THE DERWENT EMERGES FROM LAKE ST. CLAIR.

body has been wearied and the mind staled by a monotonous round of work and recreation, a new environment, whether better or worse than the old, is needed to take the creases out of our nature. The place we are in may be even prettier than our own Little Pedlington; but its people do not talk the Pedlington dialect of English, but some strange tongue with new sounds in it. The inhabitants of our "health-resort" may be far below the Pedlington standard in cleanliness, truthfulness, or physical development. Nevertheless, an enormous amount of good can be derived from the mere fact that they are not the Smiths and Joneses whose elbows have made calluses in your sides during thousands of crushes in the train that takes you all to business in the morning. The foreigners may crowd you, but their elbows do not come in the same places as Smith's or Jones's elbows. They may, and probably will, address you; but there is a comfort in the unintelligibility of their own tongue and the imperfections of their English. They may not be understood, but they do not tell you Smith's old anecdote of the time when he very nearly spoke to the Prince of Wales, nor do they make Jones's jest on the weather which recurs whenever a shower falls. Call Smith, Schmidt, and Jones, Gionnesi, and how soothing are their trivialities!

And the country and its ways are not what you are used to. You do not have ham and eggs for breakfast every other day; you liked them, and yet the loss of them is felt as an emancipation. The German habit of eating *compote* with meat seems worthy of a rational being; the multifarious messes of second-rate French cookery go down with the all-compelling sauce of strangeness—and are digested. The hours of meals and recreation, odd as they may seem, soon show themselves to be

voluntary and innocent prisoner, and prides himself on carrying out his doom to the very uttermost.

What a pity we cannot do the same with our criminals! The present agitation against prison severities is all wrong. What we want is to make criminals regard crime as merely a disease, and submit to treatment for it.

Change the name, and a "Cure" is a month's "hard."—MARMITON.

THE ADVANCE OF TASMANIA.

The latest Tasmanian enterprise appears to be the construction of a railway from Hobart to the West Coast, which is intended to make Hobart the port for the rich and progressive mining district of Mount Lyell and other districts apparently equally valuable. The splendid port of Hobart, situated on the estuary of the Derwent, and the picturesque city situated in a position of peaceful beauty at the foot of Mount Wellington, are well known; but much less generally known is the interior of the island, which contains scenery of a far grander nature. Some of the valleys along which the railway is to be made pass near some of the finest scenery in Australasia—especially the region of Lake St. Clair and its surrounding mountains—but which, through its inaccessibility, has hitherto been a sealed book to the ordinary tourist. The completion of the railway will certainly be the signal for an invasion of the island by lovers of the picturesque.

THE ADVANCE OF TASMANIA.



CHARACTER OF THE SCENERY SURROUNDING LAKE ST. CLAIR.



THIS VIEW SHOWS THE CHARACTER OF THE SCENERY OF THE DERWENT RIVER ABOUT A MILE FROM LAKE ST. CLAIR.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"WILLIE WIGS."*

Bohemia, according to authority, is a kingdom of the Austrian Empire, possessing a varying climate and a productive soil. Once on a time London knew another Bohemia, with a varying climate, too, and a decidedly fertile soil; and of the fertile Bohemians the last remaining example was William Gorman Wills.



W. G. WILLS, BEFORE HIS WIG DAYS.

Photo by Allen, Dublin.

Now, though there still linger those who mistake slovenliness for genius, and confound the picturesque with the disorderly, they are no more genuine Bohemians than the stage beggar is a sunny loafer of Kilkenny. The author of "Charles I." and "Olivia" was a genius and a Gipsy if ever there was one; and he neither crossed his "t's" nor dotted his "i's". "Dear Wells," wrote the present Editor of *Punch*, "I call you Wells because you call me *Bernand*."

It was in the early 'sixties that Willie Wills came to London and left behind for ever those early "daisy-picking" days in Ireland—when he was an athlete, a dreamer, and a flute-player.

He brought with him novels in numbers, and left copies in the coffee-houses in Fleet, "and watched the faces of those who dipped into his stories." From a garret in the Temple he moved to Fulham Road, rented a studio, and directed his talents to working in pastels. In this he was greatly successful, and fine ladies came to him and paid as much as twenty guineas for his "baby gems."

Studio life in Fulham Road must have presented strange features. Picture a barn-like structure, covered with whitewashed matchlining. Furniture: clay-modellings, ancient tapestry, bric-à-brac, pictures without frames and frames without pictures—and a wicker clothes-basket full of manuscripts. Decorations: studies of human limbs and decapitated heads, "like the butcher's shop of a cannibal tribe." Loafers and parasites made home of the place, and this queer company "drank his wine, smoked his tobacco, and wore his clothes," and helped themselves freely from the earthenware jar on the chimney-piece, which served for his savings bank. This was his artistic atmosphere.

Princess Louise, who recognised under his Bohemianism the culture of a gentleman, and who ever took a kindly interest in his fortunes, came to the studio at this time to take lessons in pastels, and "there was much excitement among the loafers of the studio when the Princess was expected, and for once they were bundled out."

Another visitor, but one which came to stay, was the studio kitten. The advent of this famous kitten came about in this way. "Mr. Wills

proportions, fair round face, ample whiskers, and dignified bearing put beyond doubt that a genuine tom-cat had sought an asylum." It soon became a favourite. Mr. Wills grew fond of it, and it returned his regard. "It would jump on his knee and sit there and purr, and often, when his pipe had gone out, he would abstain from bending forward to light it lest he should awaken Tom." But this illusion was to pass away. "For, about a month after his arrival, Tom became a mother." This indiscretion on Tom's part was the origin of the studio kitten.

Of his oddities and his rare and winning nature many instances are recorded in this entertaining book. To broken-down men of letters—"those literary wrecks which drift in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street"—he was unfailingly kind. One such, an old war-correspondent, was an especial object of his pity and charity. He would go to him in his long illness with presents of champagne, and a pheasant done up in paper, and oranges in the hood of his ulster (but these were generally stolen on the way).

When the old writer was very near to death and his slender means were exhausted, Mr. Wills told the landlady, whom he had propitiated by the gift of a gaudy shawl, that she might count on him for all the expenses to which she might be put. He was with his old friend when he died, and, stooping over him, asked, "Do you know me, old friend? I am Wills." "Wills, Wills," murmured the dying man; "Kindness, Friendship, Pity—that is Wills."

To such as did not know the man, this following story may seem scarcely credible—

At the South Kensington Museum he picked up a strange, ragged, literary man, named Russell, whose antecedents were a mystery, and whose accomplishments were almost universal. One evening, an old friend called about seven o'clock, and found him engaged to dine with Lord Cairns at Cromwell House. His habit on such occasions was to send to a small haberdasher's round the corner and buy a shirt. The shirts were made with buttons in front, and he had a preference for studs. His method of adaption on such occasion was to slit with a pen-knife both folds of the shirt, and so, with an ingenuity on which he prided himself, to improvise buttonholes. His friend, on that day, had in his shirt three curious old studs made of carved turquoises and diamonds, all connected together with very fine gold chain; they must have been a hundred years old, and were rather valuable. He offered to lend them for the occasion, and left them behind. Three days afterwards he called round and asked for them, and my brother told him that Russell had stolen the shirt—that was quite a matter of course—but that he had also pawned the studs; he begged his friend, however, as a personal favour to himself, to say nothing to Russell on the subject, as he had spoken to him very seriously about it, and Russell had faithfully promised that such a thing would never occur again. It did not suggest itself to him that the net result of the whole transaction was the loss to his friend of his valuable studs. He objected even to ask Russell for the pawn-ticket; he said that, after the conversation he had with him, it would hurt his feelings to reopen the subject.

THE REV. FREEMAN WILLS,
WHO HAS BIOGRAPHED THE DRAMATIST.
Photo by Emery, Walton.

As his heart was tender and benign, his eccentricities were infinite. He sailed in the vast of the night to the Goodwins, to conjure with visions and pickle a jar of its golden sand; he burnt effigies of dramatic critics at his hearthstone; he loved little children; discovered Etretat; and was "the kindest and dufferedest creature alive." He painted Ophelia, and lent money to his models. He wrote his plays on scraps of paper and then lost them, and at least ten of his plays were "the best he had ever written." Engagements to marry he broke as he did engagements to dine; but none took him seriously. He never sold a painting and never took a curtain-call; "he was a poor painter who wrote plays for bread"; and he would not go to Court until "the Queen commands Mr. Wills to attend at Osborne immediately."

His thoughtless generosity, his gentleness, his warm baths (wherein, he said, was inspiration); his musical-box, which ground out "Trovatore" and "Lucia" as he wrote; his Gladstone-bag, "which had a trick of opening on the road when packed to the full and relieving itself of the whole of its contents"; his ingenuousness and utter unselfishness—have all a part in this endearing monograph.

Mr. Freeman Wills has produced an admirable book. Something of the novelist's charm has been brought to his task, and it is full of capital stories, racy and pathetic, and is written throughout with tact, dignity, and simplicity.

That W. G. Wills was a poet of signal and striking gifts no critic will gainsay. His brother claims him "as the poetic dramatist of the nineteenth century," and, in a practical sense, the claim is a just one.

But, in the charm of his personality, one is tempted to forget his position in the hierarchy of letters. Than his poems, plays, paintings, pastels, what-not, there was something yet more interesting—his whimsical, lovable, wholly adorable self.

J. P. BLAKE.



ATTANNAGH, QUEEN'S CO., WILLS'S HOME IN IRELAND.

From a hitherto unpublished Photograph.

had a theory that all cats in London were of one sex, and that there were no Toms. One night a creature arrived whose magnificent

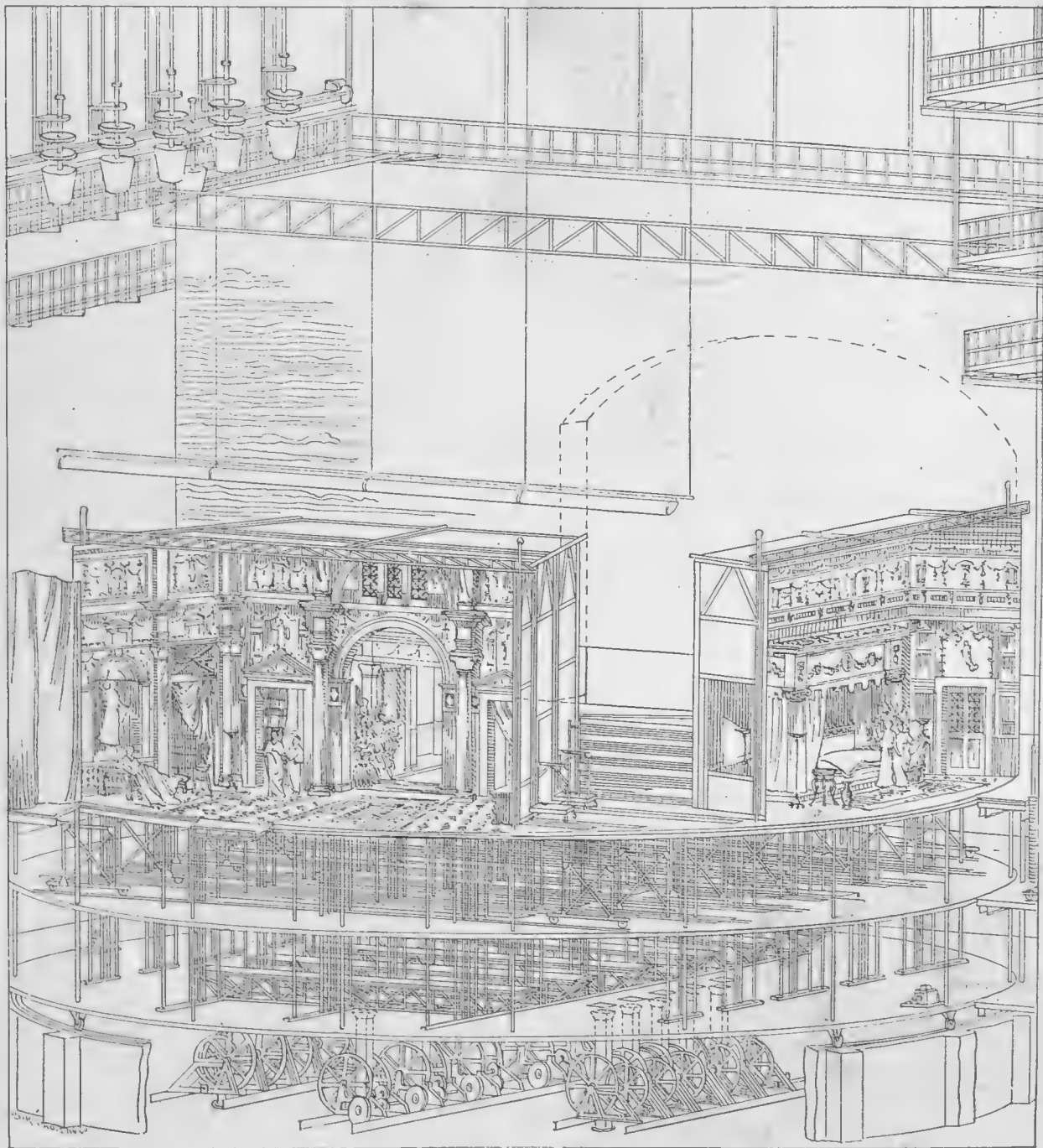
* "The Life of W. G. Wills." By Rev. Freeman Wills. London: Longmans.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

London has been talking of the many excellent stage-effects introduced at Covent Garden on the occasion of the Wagner Cycle. The great improvements have been recognised by all concerned, and yet those who have visited Bayreuth know only too well that the Bayreuth standard has not as yet been reached by a long way, and that, as a matter of fact, the mounting at Covent Garden is still behind such centres of grand opera as Munich, Dresden, or Vienna. Why have we not yet arrived at Covent Garden at the Bayreuth standard? This is the query of those who have seen the real article. We have had better singers than Bayreuth was able to boast of last year. Why not, then, better scenery? But the Wagner enthusiast forgets that any old, ramshackle piece of boarding would serve as an excellent platform for a singer, while that

written on the subject of "Stage Construction," published by Mr. Batsford. Our managers, according to Mr. Sachs, have at last awakened to the fact that the Continent has been improving its stages for the last twenty years, and those few who have visited the foreign establishments now appreciate the enormous possibilities at their disposal if their stages are given a more modern equipment. All the pent-up forces of hydraulic power and electricity are at their service, and with them wonders can be effected at a very reasonable expenditure.

So that the manager may have no excuse for not exactly knowing what is at his disposal, Mr. Sachs describes and illustrates the most recent examples of stage mechanism with considerable detail. His volume contains nearly two hundred excellent engravings and reproductions of photographs; and in a few terse lines he gives the pros and cons of every appliance or system of note, and he does not forget the



ELECTRIC "TURN-TABLE" STAGE.

Reproduced from Mr. Sachs' Book, "Stage Construction."

same antediluvian framing cannot be adapted to the requirements of modern mechanism and stage appliances. In other words, the "Nibelungen Ring" may be sung in any theatre and concert-room, but it cannot be properly mounted on a stage which was already antiquated before Wagner wrote his great score. The Covent Garden-stage is not adapted to meet the modern demand for perfect mounting, no more than an old three-decker could hold its own in a modern naval battle.

By some curious anomaly, England, despite her wealth of mechanical talent and ingenuity, has neglected the mechanical contrivances of the stage. We do not mind spending money on our canvas cloths or our costumes, but we have, somehow, not yet made up our minds to put our hands in our pockets in order to properly work the cloths, and to illuminate them in such a manner as to obtain some semblance of nature. But this apathy in things mechanical on the London stage will now cease—at least, so that talented young architect, Mr. Edwin O. Sachs, tells us in the extensive and handsome folio volume which he has just

all-important question of £ s. d. He goes far afield for his examples, through practically every European country.

It is, of course, impossible even to indicate the scope of Mr. Sachs' comprehensive volume, but, to show an example of one of the most modern of installations, a view of an electric "turn-table" stage is here reproduced by the kind permission of the publisher. The large electric "turn-table" stages embody the idea of the *tableaux vivants*, and the hydraulic stage embodies the principles of the elevator. Briefly, it may be said literally that the scenery or properties are "turned on" into position in the one case, while in the other they are literally "hoisted on." But it is impossible, within the limits of this article, to enter fully into the important subject which Mr. Sachs has so boldly and enthusiastically approached, and in respect to which the volume is a monument of thoroughness, energy, and knowledge. Printer, engraver, and bookbinder have ably seconded Mr. Sachs' efforts, and the volume will doubtless be a standard work for many years to come.

A. B.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

I went to see "The Belle of New York" for the second time last week, and yet did not feel bored. I have given up trying to analyse why this should be. The story is poor, and even vulgar; the writing is bad (that of "New York" rhyming with "talk," "goader" with "soda"); but the fact remains, I was greatly amused. True, the company has lost a tower of strength in Dan Daly, for his successor, Mr. Davenport, while clever enough, has little individuality, and is too proud to imitate; but, as a whole, the piece goes capitally. Miss Edna May is delightfully demure, Miss Rankin sings rather stupid little songs with extraordinary art, and everybody is *alive*. That is the secret of the success of the piece. I could go a third time without being bored. The house was packed.

The phrase as to *de mortuis* presumably does not apply to the works of dead dramatists, and therefore I feel justified in saying that, judging by "The Convert," the late Sergius Stepniak had really no instinct for the stage, however great his qualities in other branches of literature. Of course, I have seen many, perhaps I should say scores, of weaker works; but, despite this, must admit that there is a dulness, an absence of life, about the story of Katia and her father which renders it guilty of the unpardonable offence of being tedious. There are pathetic moments, as, for instance, when the girl, who, as Nihilist, has been hiding so

closely from the police that she did not even venture to let her fond parents know that she was alive, suddenly appears to them, and asks for shelter. So admirably was this scene written, that, though preceded by a meaningless piece of mystification, it caused tears—one should add that



"Which do you like ze best, M'sieu? Ze 'aughty, proud, American girl or ze lady from gay P'ree?"

it was acted with great ability. It is a curious fact that plays dealing with Russian subjects rarely are successful on our stage when from the pen of our own dramatists; one might have imagined that a native would contrive to give a real sense of atmosphere to his play, and that in the tale of Katia's devotion to the revolutionary cause, of the iniquitous method of the police, and her father's self-sacrifice, there would be found some element of character novel to us. Unfortunately, one seemed to have seen it all before, and the characters were old friends not even in new dresses. The attitude of part of the audience showed great sympathy, and there was no little applause. However, "The Convert" did some service; it enabled Miss Margaret Halstan to show that she has real ability, has power, and also sense of character. Whether she will find employment for her gifts on a stage almost monopolised by foreigners and musical farces it is hard to say. A very able if uneven performance of an exceedingly difficult old-man part was given by Mr. Laurence Irving. Mrs. Theodor Wright played with charming earnestness as the elderly mother of Katia, and Mr. Charrington and Mr. Swears did excellent work.

"A Bachelor's Widow" is the perplexing title of a perplexing play boldly called a comedy, despite its true character, which failed to render the critics enthusiastic when presented at Terry's for a trial trip. The adventures of a blackmailing foreign adventuress and her rascally

husband were handled with more vigour than skill or originality, and the result was hardly what one can call a valuable contribution to dramatic literature. A clever actress too rarely seen of late, Miss Adrienne Dairolles, played the chief part in a very lively, effective fashion.



Oh! la belle Parisienne, she do capture all ze men wiz ze naughty little way she 'ave of walking. When across ze street she go, she will lift her skirties so. Oh! no wonder that she sets the gossips talking!

MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN AS THE FRENCH GIRL IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, June 22, and Thursday, 9.18; Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, 9.19.

Lately I have been attending cycle sales in London, also in the provinces, and the number of second-hand machines in good repair offered to the public at remarkably low prices really is considerable. Much as I disapprove, in a general way, of the second-hand machine, because the purchaser thereof cannot, as a rule, discover whether it has or has not been injured by its previous owners, still I feel sure that many second-hand bicycles, especially those made by well-known firms, are far more trustworthy and less likely to get out of order or come to pieces than most of the new machines advertised at abnormally low prices. Also, several of the leading London makers now place in the windows of their shops lists of second-hand or soiled machines, the prices of which have been reduced, and by referring to these lists the cyclist anxious to procure a well-built bicycle at a low figure is often able to suit himself.

The chainless bicycle is coming to the front, but only very slowly. In any country but England the improved chainless machine would be hailed with delight, but probably years will elapse before we English condescend to adopt any new sort of bicycle, and by that time other European nations will be turning their attention to some still more

vindicating their rights, and requested to be supplied with rooms. After some show of hesitation, their request was complied with, and they were thus disappointed in their expectations of bringing down the mailed fist of the law in support of their just demand, and had to rest content with a bloodless victory.

The votaries of rational dress are not unknown in the North of England, for they held their own at a discussion on this subject at a great meeting of cyclists held at Otley a week or two ago, though on that occasion none of them had the pluck to appear in the costume which they advocated.

A lady who visited Skipton a few days ago, clad in this "middle-sex" attire, had, however, some regard for the sensitiveness of the canny Yorkshiremen, or perhaps she dreaded the derisive remarks of the street-boys, for, according to the account in a local paper, on entering the main street, she slipped off her machine and slipped on a kind of loose skirt which she had for the occasion.

The Police Superintendent of the Malton district has issued a warning to cyclists, and it may be well to repeat his warning here, that wheeling a machine on the foot-path is equally an offence with riding it on that forbidden ground. Still, I am constrained to ask once again, why are perambulators exempt from this rule? Suppose an infant prodigy were to propel its own perambulator on the foot-path, would it still be exempt from penalty?



THE CYCLIST CORPS OF THE DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT (SECOND BATTALION).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EVELYN AND CO., ALDERSHOT.

ingenious device. Every country in the world jeers at us for our lack of enterprise, but thick-skinned John Bull heeds not "those wretched foreigners," provided he can live ten or twenty years behind the times. And yet we grumble at foreign competition in the cycle business!

A controversy is raging in one of the West Country newspapers concerning the carelessness of cyclists. The aborigines of Exeter, Plymouth, and other Devonshire towns complain reasonably enough that the average cyclist utterly disregards the rules of the road, and that many "votaries of the wheel" go so far as to dash past, on the off side, a horse being led. Negligence of this sort is almost criminal, and all rational cyclists must sincerely hope that an example will be made of the first offender the police succeed in securing.

Why is the Petersen bicycle, which caused such a flutter in cycling circles a month or two ago, so long in coming to the front? Is it meeting with the usual trade opposition, or is it fated to be looked at askance by the men who still hesitate to adopt the improved chainless? If the Petersen pattern ever is adopted in this country, it is bound very soon to supersede the ordinary safety, though many persons who have not seen the Petersen consider the present style of safety well-nigh perfect. A few weeks ago Messrs. Humber had a Petersen on view at their Oxford-Street-Bond-Street shop, and, for aught I know, it may be there still.

Since the Dorking episode the vexed question of "bloomers" has been agitating the cycling world to an unusual extent. The innkeeper of ultra-modest sensibilities has, it seems, succumbed to an onslaught of the Rational Dress League. Two "blooming" maidens and an elderly gentleman arrived one day at the now celebrated hostelry intent on

A contemporary states that "they play at cycling to a much greater extent abroad than we do here." That may be so, but surely it is a ludicrous exaggeration to say that in America every cyclist has a whirligig fitted to the handle-bar of the machine. In Russia, we are told, it is the fashion to decorate the wheels of the bicycle with coloured ribbons arranged in spiral form, in such a manner that when the wheels are turned in one direction they appear to contract, and when turned in the opposite direction, to expand. An ingenious device for a fancy cycle parade, no doubt; but are we to understand that the Russians are such expert cyclists that they can ride either forwards or backwards? It is a feat we are not in the habit of seeing in this country off the variety stage.

The Great Western Railway have now supplied some of their luggage-vans with clips in which cycles sent by passenger-trains are held upright and apart from ordinary baggage. Consequently, we may hope to hear fewer complaints this year than we heard last season of machines being severely injured, and some of them actually ruined, by having trunks, boxes, portmanteaux, and other nicknacks piled in a heap on the top of them.

Now that the War Office authorities have decided that a Corps of Cyclists shall be trained at Aldershot, this picture of the 2nd Battalion Devonshire Regiment is of interest. This regiment is really the only corps in the service who have a properly organised section of cyclists, and under the indefatigable efforts of Captain R. P. Smith they have been brought to a very high state of efficiency. Their evolutions are wonderful, and the different formations are gone through with a precision and rapidity which reflects great credit on Captain Smith, who is shown in the photograph in front of the section.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

THE SPORTS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

The series of reprints which Mr. Arnold is publishing as "The Sportsman's Library" was bound to include at least one work by the famous "Nimrod," and the editor has displayed excellent judgment in selecting "The Chase, The Road, and The Turf" to represent the author. It appeals to a wider audience than any of his other volumes; it contains some of his very best descriptive writing; and, while presenting a singularly vivid picture of fox-hunting, coaching, and racing in the earlier decades of the century, the writer never goes beyond the depth of the non-sporting reader. No man knew more thoroughly the subjects on which he wrote than did Charles James Apperley, to give him his real name, and it is interesting to compare his contributions to the sporting publications of his time with these three essays, which originally appeared in the *Quarterly Review*. Opportunity to make the comparison



A STOPPER.—DRAWN BY ALKEN.
Reproduced from Mr. Edward Arnold's Edition of "Nimrod's"
"The Chase, the Road, and the Turf."

occurs on some pages of this book; for, in addressing anonymously his *Quarterly* readers, the author occasionally quotes the dicta of "Nimrod" in the *Sporting Magazine* as from an independent authority.

Save for the total absence of reference to two such widely differing features of the modern hunting-field as ladies and wire, the run described in the first section of the book might stand as well for a red-letter day of last season as one of over sixty years ago. Lady riders to hounds were rare in "Nimrod's" time: the famous Marchioness of Salisbury is the only one sporting writer or artist has immortalised, so far as memory serves; ladies certainly did not hunt with the Quorn in those days; or so observant an artist as Henry Alken would not have painted hunting-scenes ungraced by a single habit. Neither wire-fences nor, of course, railways marred those palmy days of the chase.

It is the "Road" essay that appeals nowadays to the widest public, and no more graphic picture of fast stage-coaching could be drawn than "Nimrod's" account. He portrays an elderly gentleman awakened from a century's sleep and set down one fine morning of 1835 in Piccadilly to take the mail to Exeter. In that imaginary old gentleman's own day the 175-mile journey occupied a fortnight; at the "wonder-working period" of the 'thirties, as "Nimrod" with just pride calls it, the mail-coach performed the journey in seventeen hours. The editor's foot-notes, giving express-train times of to-day for comparison, show that the difference in speed between modern railway travel and coaching at its last and best days is far less than the difference between coaching at its latest and its earlier developments.

The Turf in "Nimrod's" time left much to be desired, and in this department at least we may plume ourselves on improvement, promoted to some extent, perhaps, by the vigour of his attack in this *Quarterly* paper upon the rogueseries so common in those days.

The approach of the holiday season is heralded by the appearance of the guide-books. I have to note the reappearance of Bradshaw's Dictionary of Bathing-places, an elaborate work which should equally rejoice the hearts of the healthy and the hypochondriacal. A new cicerone to me is Hoskin's Guide to the Isle of Wight, which is succinct, serviceable—and sixpence.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce a further reduction of rates for the conveyance of parcels by passenger-train. Recently a revised scale of rates was brought into operation between stations on the London and North-Western system and all other stations in England, Wales, and Ireland; and, commencing on July 1, a new scale, showing considerable reductions in the rates for parcels, will also be put into operation between stations on the London and North-Western system and stations on the railways in Scotland.

RACING NOTES.

Many good judges think the St. Leger is all over bar shouting, and I do not see at this stage what is to beat Jeddah. This horse showed himself in his true colours at Ascot. He is a good animal when caught at his best, and is very likely to go on improving. I heard a very funny story about Jeddah and the Two Thousand. It seems a poor man living within a few miles of Mr. Larnach's country estate put his all on the horse for the Guineas, and, of course, lost it. However, the neighbours scraped up £50 between them, and backed the horse for the Derby, and they got 33 to 1 for their money. Now many of these are dissatisfied because they did not receive 100 to 1, which was returned as the colt's starting-price at Epsom.

As I have many times before stated, music is a great draw at race-meetings, and I hope the Earl of March will arrange for the band of the Royal Sussex Regiment to discourse sweet music on the lower lawn at Goodwood this year. I trust, too, that Mr. Dundas will see that a sufficient number of garden-seats are provided for those ladies present who do not belong to the Duke of Richmond's party. It is annoying to see dozens of empty seats, labelled "Reserved for the use of the Goodwood House Party," while scores of the ordinary public have to stand all the time. At no other meeting can royalty be seen so well as at Goodwood, and the crowd naturally gravitates towards the lower lawn, where seating accommodation is of the worst, so far as the general public is concerned.

After the bustle and turmoil of Ascot many will take a rest, but it is safe to predict a big attendance for Sandown, especially as the Prince of Wales has made known his intention to be present. When the Prince is going to attend Sandown, three or four luncheon menus are submitted overnight to those responsible at Marlborough House. The Royal Box at Sandown Park is connected by telephone with the Esher Railway Station, so that the royal train can be ordered to be in readiness at any time. Unfortunately the Royal Box at Sandown is situated right away from the people, and the band is never heard by frequenters of the cheap rings. I think the musicians should be located right over by the number-board.

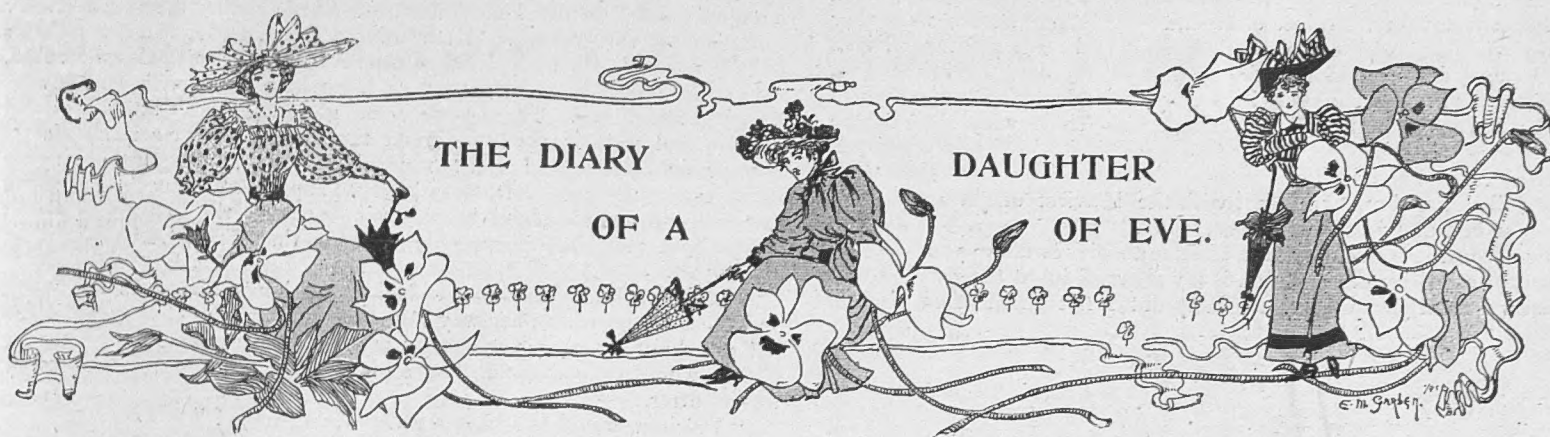
The time has arrived to enter a protest against the stiff prices charged for refreshments at some race-meetings. Very few gentlemen object to paying, say, a shilling for a cigar, provided the weed is worth somewhere near the price asked, but 3s. 6d. for a plate of strawberries and cream is a little too high a price to pay even for such a luxury. Yet this was the price charged at Ascot, where acres of strawberries are grown. I think racegoers have too much "Kitty" to pay. As a matter of fact, many regular followers of the Turf find all the profits swallowed up in expenses, which at the lowest estimate can be put down at £21 per week per person. No wonder many men who years back followed the meetings regularly now prefer to remain at their clubs and bet on the tape.

In a little more than a month the entries for the Autumn Handicaps will be published, and these will serve as a reminder that we are fast approaching the end of the season. It can be taken for granted that good entries will be received both for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and these two races seem to defy all opposition. It is a pity that the Jockey Club could not institute a couple of similar handicaps, to be run in the early summer at headquarters. Thanks to the chalk subsoil, the going is always more or less reliable, and I feel certain two good handicaps, to be run, say, at the Second Spring and the July Meeting respectively, would "catch on" with owners, bookmakers, and the public alike.

Welshers and undesirable characters congregate in large numbers at some of the free and open race-meetings, and it is a puzzle to some people how it is that these "wrong 'uns" are allowed to ply their calling unchecked. A visitor to a certain meeting writes to tell me how it is done. He says the police on duty appeared to spend the whole of their time in going round to tell the outside bookies that they were thirsty. The result was tips in plenty for the gentlemen in blue, and "no disturbance" for those "bookies who boasted that they could afford to lay two points over the odds against the favourites." But what about the public?

The Manchester Meeting has been such a great success that I am not surprised to hear another racing enclosure is to be started in the neighbourhood of Cottonopolis. The place selected for the new venture is at Haydock Park, which can be easily reached both from Liverpool and Manchester. I believe the Newton Meeting is to be transferred to Haydock Park, and I have no doubt eight or ten days' racing in all will take place at the new enclosure during each season. Mr. Sidney Price, who has been connected with the Manchester Meeting for many years, is to assist in the management of the new venture, which should in time be a big success, although it may not pay forty-five per cent. dividends, as the New Barns course does at present.

CAPTAIN COE.



Wednesday.—I arrived down at Windsor last night, to enjoy the "Ascotian" hospitality of Diana, who greeted me with the cheering observation, "We are going to have awful weather." Diana is always right; that is one of her rules, and in this she was horribly, terribly, deplorably right. It has been very cold all day; I never felt comfortable

wore a black gown to-night, with a transparent white lace yoke, and a sash of pink crêpe-de-Chine. Mrs. Q., of the party, appeared in all the glory of a white Eolienne, with a fichu of lisse, hemmed with black velvet ribbons, a bunch of pink roses in the knot of this, and a pink scarf twisted round her hair.



AT ASCOT.

until we drove home at 6.30, to be greeted by roaring fires in all the rooms, and a liberal supply of hot tea. However, we merrily ignored the weather to-night, and rejoiced over the fact that we had won some money, while we admired each other's tea-gowns with enthusiasm. It is the fashion in this establishment always to wear tea-gowns in the evening during Ascot week—an admirable notion.

Ada looked beautiful in a gown of pavenche chiffon, covered with cream-coloured lace of the finest, belted with pale-mauve velvet. Diana

The frocks in the Enclosure were, perhaps, more conspicuous than beautiful. I met two of vivid violet, crowned with red hats, a combination which needs to be expressed by an artist or left severely alone. Percy Anderson understands the best possibilities of this union, but those whom art has joined the soulless woman should set asunder. The one dress I really wanted was made of black, faced with white piqué and yellow lace, and crowned with a hat of Tuscan trimmed with black feathers. I saw several misguided creatures shivering in piqué

and muslin, and one or two girls committed the amazing imprudence of transparent lace yokes. White cloth and white serge dresses were very much in evidence, and the grey coat and skirt had many patrons. Diana and I between us recognised all the models of the best French artists, muttering as a beige cashmere with lace yoke and shaded orange velvet collar-band went by, "Béer"; greeting a blue cloth with shaded blue batiste revers with "Doucet"; a white spotted piqué with a glacé tie, "Paquin"; a red-and-white checked skirt with a plain red cloth coat, "Kate Reily"; and a gown of net with the heaviest of jet tracing and a pale-blue belt and vest of écaru lace, "Jay."

How absurd it is in the middle of June to sit warming your toes in the front of a bedroom fire! Such is my cheerful lot at the moment, but to-morrow I must go up to town. Why did I not choose to-morrow to



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A BOATING-DRESS.

come down to Ascot? I am just like Jimmy when he was a little boy and had the choice of two sweets at luncheon. He chose the one, finished it up with haste, and then cried because he had not selected the other.

Thursday.—I have promised myself to see Laurence Irving from birth to bridal as an artist. I was present at his first performance; I recognised his talent, and vowed to follow his career. This determination has already led me to the joys of "The Wild Duck," to a remarkable representation of "Peter the Great," over to Camberwell to witness "Teresa," to a charity matinée to hear a Society duologue, and now to-day it tempted me to sit out Stepniak's play. I shall still adhere to my resolution, but Laurence Irving must not try me too far. I am convinced he is a genius, and he is always interesting; but Stepniak is not exactly exhilarating on a chilly June afternoon. I had to go and get the gloomy impression swept away from my susceptible mind by spending the evening at Daly's, in the company of the gorgeous "Greek Slave." Hayden Coffin looks beautiful in his short white draperies, and Hilda Moody is a conspicuous figure in a pageant of truly lovely costumes. Why, oh why, does Marie Tempest—always so delightful an artist—neglect the sartorial opportunities of a scene in ancient Rome and arrange her draperies in a style which can only be written down as

"French-cum-Japanese"? She looks fine in her black gown with the diamond girdles and diadem on her head, but her other dresses are really quite out of the picture. Hilda Moody has a sweet voice, and looks alike delightful in her royal and golden robes and her soft pale-grey robes.

Letty Lind is most attractive in her white dress with cornflowers hanging about her. There were some glorious greens and blues and purples and reds in combination on the stage, and the song, "Was it Merope or Sterope?—I can't remember which," has been ringing in my ears ever since I left, to go over to supper at Prince's, where we met half-a-dozen congenial spirits and discussed the charms of Owen Hall's book and the indisputable doctrine that Eros, God of Love, is god of all.

Saturday.—Julia continues to look for a house she does not want, and Florrie proceeds on her way to furnish a cottage at Goring which is not yet built, while I yet occupy my position as head oracle to the family, who consult me at all hours of the day, and disagree with every word I utter.

"Virginia, would you have a green dining-room?"

"No, Florrie; I should have a blue one." Result—Florrie has a green room.

Julia says, "Virginia, would you choose a house at Maidenhead or Sonning for a river holiday?"

"Julia, I should not choose a river holiday at all; the weather is too cold and the amusements are too monotonous." Julia promptly goes down to Maidenhead and seizes upon a desirable residence. Under these circumstances I feel myself a superfluity, and go out by myself to buy some new clothes; three skirts and two hats I bought this morning—an excellent record. It is absurd to supply yourself with half-a-dozen blouses and no skirt to do them honour. I bought a skirt of soft white piqué of the French description, with broad insertions of beading let in above the shaped flounce and just below the hips; a skirt of very coarse cream-coloured alpaca, with a shaped flounce edged with two frills guiltless of fulness; and a skirt of white piqué with a black spot upon it. This last I love very dearly. I am convinced it will look delightful under the influence of white batiste shirts much tucked and hem-stitched, with a black-and-white spotted tie and a Tuscan hat turned up in the front with a black velvet bow, white wings, and a bunch of forget-me-nots. I bought the hat and am now sitting at home awaiting its arrival. Hats are very pretty this year, but I have already become tired of those which are trimmed with velvet-spotted ribbon. The only exception I make to this rule of my faithlessness is a hat that Gertie bought this week, of drab straw, which turns up in the front, has a twist of dark-blue velvet spotted with white, and five quills made of straw in shades of drab, white, and orange. I have offered Gertie half my next quarter's allowance for that hat, but she does not seem to understand the best privileges of friendship, and it still remains in her wardrobe to bear testimony to her greed.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

A SINCERE ADMIRER.—If you take my advice, you will go to John Simmons, 35, Haymarket. Mention my name there—you are welcome to do this—ask to see the tailor who fits me and the assistant who attends to me, and I promise you a successful gown for the sum you mention. You will get this reply quite in time.

A SLAVE TO GLOVES.—Any occupation, from putting on your gloves to putting off your boots, is graceful in the hands of a graceful woman, and I am afraid the opposite rule applies as inevitably.

CLEVEDON.—A straight-brimmed sailor-hat would look well trimmed with a rosette of nasturtium-coloured velvet, a rosette of black velvet, and a few feathers from the pheasant's tail at one side. If you have a padded lining you will find it quite comfortable, or, if you are particularly sensitive, then have a small roll of velvet inside just where the crown joins the brim. White gloves with big buttons you can get from Lewis and Allenby's in Conduit Street for 2s. 3d. per pair, but I like for summer wear those white ones that pull over the hands—these are French, and can also be obtained at Lewis and Allenby's, where they cost 1s. 11½d.

GRETA.—The reefer-coat should have sleeves without any fulness; the skirt should be gored in the front and set in double box-pleats at the back. You will have to make the blouse of English washing silk or of foulard, while Viyella would be the best material for cold days. This, you know, is a very thin sort of flannel which does not shrink, and it is to be obtained in all sorts of pretty colours. The Viyella blouses could be finished for the child with a large turn-down white Eton collar; the others look more complete with the collar to match, if tied in the front with ends of the same silk. The hats with the muslin crowns and the straw brims originally came from Paris, but they can be bought anywhere now in London, and I like them very much.

MRS. F. Q.—Those silken sautoirs with jewelled slides are from Wilson and Gill's, 134, Regent Street. The neckties called "The Windsor" are to be bought from Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, where you can also get admirable sailor-hats of plain detail. I think these latter cost five-and-six, but I am not sure.

AN INQUIRER.—Next week the sale commences at Kate Reily's, 12, Dover Street. You cannot do better than go there early; get one of their model gowns—they sell them remarkably cheaply, and their style and materials are of the best. You would be sure to find a serge there. Indeed, I remember one of white faced with red that I know is to be sold at the sale. They have blue ones and red ones, capital models and plenty of them.

PHILOMEL.—John Simmons, 35, Haymarket, I always recommend as a good tailor, for I have tested his work myself, a capital proof of this of his virtues. You should choose a cream-coloured cloth of the heaviest make and have it made in the simplest style, trimmed with strappings; a Tuscan hat turned up from the face with black velvet ribbons and waved black and white quills. Cherries are very much worn, and you might prefer these to the quills. The shirt should be of white batiste, with designs of little tuckings and beadings, and tied round the neck with a black-and-white spotted tie. You can get these—they are very elaborate and very beautiful—from Jay's, Regent Circus. Write to me again later.

VIRGINIA.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on June 27.

MONEY.

The Money Market is a wonderful study in its way, as matters stand at present. It is lacking in fierce excitement, but is none the less interesting. People with axes to grind have been "faking" all sorts of rumours from week to week about impending changes in the Bank of England Rate, and the egregious folly of the predictions has been manifested over and over again. But is it folly or self-interest which seeks to interfere with the steadfast course which the Bank of England Directors have been pursuing? We are inclined to the latter view; but, as the volume of business at present is so small, no great harm has been done. Taking the last Bank Return—or, for that matter, any recent one—there is overwhelming evidence that the Bank of England is quite at its ease, and that the scaremongers are simply wasting their breath, or their ink, as the case may be.

HOME RAILS.

There is a prevailing impression that the half-year's dividends on Home Railway Ordinary stocks will show an improvement by comparison. We wonder if this expectation will be justified. It was not on the previous occasion, though the figures of traffic increases led to equally sanguine anticipations. But, however great may be the fear by the railway companies of Trades' Unions, their directors can hardly refuse to give to the shareholders some share in such gross increases as have accrued during the half-year of which the latest published figures bring us within about a fortnight of the end. We set out some of these increases a few weeks ago, and we repeat now some of the typical cases—

	No. of Weeks.	Aggregate Increase.
Great Central	23	30,138
Great Eastern	23	49,881
Great Northern	24	72,697
Lancashire and Yorkshire	23	73,732
London, Brighton, and South Coast	24	34,881
London and North-Western	23	121,838
London and South-Western	23	45,637
Midland	24	116,564
North-Eastern	23	53,565
South-Eastern	24	48,947

The majority of these figures are so large in proportion to the Ordinary capital over which the resulting net profit has to be distributed that it seems highly improbable that the shareholders will not get *something* in the way of a turn this time.

WHERE IS THE BANK OF LONDON?

It used to be at 5, Lothbury, London, E.C., but on its office door there is now pasted a slip of paper which states that the bank has gone away, and that its address is not known. It never will be missed except by its creditors, who, we sincerely trust, are few in number, and have not extensive claims. The *Financial Times* forestalled us by investigating the matter, and gave the result of its inquiries in a really funny paragraph, part of which we cannot refrain from reproducing—

It appears that this so-called "bank" has been run of late by two individuals—a Managing Director and a commissionaire. The former disappeared from the scene about ten days ago, omitting, in his hurry, to liquidate certain debts and leave his fresh address behind him. It appears also that the furniture of the establishment has been gradually dwindling away, until there is practically nothing left but a safe—presumably empty—and a counter, so that altogether there is not a very hopeful outlook for the holders of the various cheques which have been presented in the building during the past few days—some of them, we understand, being for fairly large amounts.

We shall all feel desolate without the Bank of London, Limited; but it is a comfort to know that, as yet, the Bank of England has not gone away without leaving its address.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The principal business of brokers and jobbers has lain, not among the Gorgonzola pillars, but on the heath at Ascot; turns have been exchanged for tips, and closing quotations for starting-prices. The Ascot Meeting is always a favourite with the Stock Exchange, and, having once tasted the sweets of liberty, what is more likely to be developed than an Oliver-Twist-like thirst for more? Henley looms large ahead, then come the summer holidays. What is the use of keeping the House open six days out of seven when a couple of days would easily suffice in which to do the amount of business now transacted in a fortnight? What a chance is now presented for the Committee of 1898 to immortalise itself at a single stroke!

The Consol Market has been gently agitated by several disquieting factors in the outlook as regards money. It was not expected that the Bank would lower its rate of discount, although money is plentiful enough. As the second Contango-day of the current Account is still some way off, the House does not much trouble about its cash; but, still, the pessimists are wondering what is going to happen should the new Indian Loan, the United States War-chest Loan, and a five million sterling issue from Holland all come at the same time. Consols have looked on with unchanging aspect, and the most interesting feature in that market is the announcement that Mr. Francis Ricardo and Mr. Walton are retiring on their laurels from the Stock Exchange. No names are better known from Capel Court to Broad Street, and since Mr. Charley Clarke's emigration to the Trunk department Mr. Walton has rapidly risen to a place in the front rank among the Consol Comicos. It is popularly believed that he intends to put himself through a course of training for an Alderman. Mr. Francis Ricardo is mostly known by reputation as having accumulated one of the finest collections of money-bags to be found in the House.

An improvised meeting was held in the Foreign Market when the Brazilian Funding Scheme was published, but nothing was decided as to what steps should

be taken in regard to the quotation of the existing bonds. The dealers, however, do not like this way of making the best of a variety of evils, and the price of the 1889 loan has fallen to 50½. The elevation of Mr. Andrew K. Hitchens to a seat upon the Council of Foreign Bondholders has had no effect upon the quotation of rubbishy bonds. If he could assist in managing South American finance in the same way that he and his House colleagues perform a similar duty to the Stock Exchange, what a glorious epoch would be in store for some of us! Spanish have assumed a perfect nonchalance at the continuance of the so-called war, but, in the absence of news about the avenging of that unhappy mule's death, the price shows a sagging tendency, and closes this afternoon at 33½, the last making-up price being 36. The two Cabinet crises now on hand in Paris and Rome have produced the usual tendency to sell a few things in advance of Continental operators, who are known to entertain a fondness for throwing everything overboard whenever a French Ministry comes to its invariable end. Rio Tinto have been barely mentioned for a week, and as for Anacondas, no one knows what has become of the price.

Railway stocks have once more held the premier position of excitement-promoters, and the gamble in "Little Chats" goes merrily forward. A jobber was saying to-day that the rumours circulating so freely are little short of absurd, since neither the Chatham nor South-Eastern Companies would tell the market anything of what was going on behind the scenes until it quite suited them to make it publicly known. But as some story has to be given to brokers who inquire the reason of movements in the stocks, the market is bound to make up something. The rumours may be true, or they may not be; the only certain point is, that most of them are the merest guess-work. Of the Heavy Companies, the Midland is reaping good effects from the wind that blows Great Western so much ill, and the thumping increase this week is accounted for by the strike in South Wales driving traffic on to the great Derby line. Midland Deferred at 89 are still worth an investor's consideration.

Yankees, having recovered from last week's attack of yellow fever, developed measles a few days ago, caught from the troops that were said to be suffering from that infantile disease at Tampa. Louisville have ousted Milwaukee from the position of bell-wether of the market, and are now 54½, at which they show a fall of 3½ since the last Contango-day. Milwaukee look dangerous at 102½, but still there is a large "bear" account in them, and a 6 per cent. dividend is confidently predicted. With these two exceptions, the American Market offers no particular attraction to speculators, who are entirely at the mercy of Wall Street.

Trunks are as flat as ditch-water, to adopt a muddled metaphor. As things are at present, dealing in the various kinds is simply another name for betting on the traffic, which this week was the tolerably bad one of only £553 up. The new jobbers are looking what is technically known as "sick," and many of them are devoutly wishing they had never left their comfortable nests in the Mining markets, because they are "bulls" of their new fancy, to a man. Trunk 4 per cent. Guaranteed stock at 76½ presents some attraction to a speculative investor.

The Miscellaneous Market is under a dark cloud, owing to the sharp drop in Electric shares. It is not yet proved, however, what amount of damage the Electrical companies would suffer, even if vestries were allowed to compete with them, as the Bill before Parliament seeks to provide. Apollinaris have been freely offered by Mr. Douglas Clark, although the dividend of 6 per cent. was considered well up to expectations. The Watney, Combe, and Reid amalgamation has resulted in the issue of a combined company with the enormous capital of nine millions sterling, with power to raise debentures to the same amount. Before this, even Mr. Hooley's progeny must pale their ineffectual fires.

The Kafir Market would furnish a very good solution of the conundrum, "When is a place not a place?" It has given up trying to do business, and the sharp drop in Shebas was produced by an offer of 1000 shares in a buyerless market already apprehensive of the passing of the overdue dividend. "Johnnies" received some unfriendly attention at the hands of the shop, and Barnato Brothers appear to be holding aloof from their specialities altogether. Paris was inclined to buy gold shares, upon the peaceable solution of the Niger difficulty, but the change of Government acted as a deterrent upon orders from the gay capital. In the Kangaroo Market, Horseshoes have been unaccountably flat in a racing week. Explicit denials have been published as to any "jumping" of the property. Bottomley's things are temporarily extinct, and the Market Trust books are finally closed for the reconstruction. Indian Mines received a flip at the announcement of a four-and-sixpenny dividend on Mysore Gold. The Nundydroog Company is issuing fresh capital at £2 per share premium. "You may think we look merry, but we're not," mournfully quoth a mining dealer at the close to-day to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

SOUTH AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

It has been stated that the Chilean Government intend to ask the Argentine Government to agree to the Arbitration Commissioners proceeding to London, and there submitting all the points in dispute between those two countries to independent parties. It is also said that it is expected that the Argentine Government will agree to this proposal in order to settle the pending questions, "and so avoid a war." We do not believe much in that war, even if it were to be carried through on the Gilbert and Sullivan lines of the one now supposed to be proceeding between the United States and Spain. Nevertheless, the matter is of some consequence to British investors, who are largely interested in Argentine and Chilean securities. Argentina compounded with her creditors years ago, Chili has respected her external obligations. Sinister rumours, whether authentic or instigated by evil intent, have been freely floating about concerning the financial stability of Chili. Is it market manipulation or the *bond fide* expectation of another twopenny-halfpenny war that is giving rise to this tempest in a tea-cup?

BRAZILIAN AFFAIRS.

If we recollect aright, it is more than once that we have drawn attention to the curious fact of the recent rise in Brazilian exchange from the rubbish level which it had reached, coupled with the suggestion that there might be some association between this circumstance and some pending financial operation. Corroboration of our view is to be found in the Brazilian Funding scheme. As a scheme, it is not particularly objectionable, but obviously somebody or some persons in Brazil or in London—or, possibly, in both places—have been doing something for themselves in advance.

MR. HOOLEY'S FAILURE.

Some correspondents have suggested that our note last week was written in a spirit hostile to Mr. Hooley. It is not our habit to kick a

man when he is down, nor had we the least intention of departing from our custom on this occasion. Many statements have been attributed to Mr. Hooley since he presented his famous petition, which, we believe, he would be the first to repudiate; and we tried to call attention in our last week's Notes to some of the gossip, which was of public interest, that had been associated with his failure.

Mr. Hooley carried out financial methods which could only end in disaster, just as Napoleon I. and Philip II. carried out political systems doomed by their very viciousness to bring ruin upon the nations which endured them; but to attribute the disaster in Hooley's case to "black-mail" is just as foolish as to say that the events of 1814 were due to "treachery," or that the complete failure of Philip's life was a judgment of the Almighty.

We will give an example of what we mean. The story was told us by a gentleman who was present, and is, we know, true. Mr. Hooley had entered into a contract to buy Schweppes' business for about £950,000, and there appeared to be some difficulty about apportioning the purchase money between the Preference and Ordinary shareholders of the old company. The lawyers were discussing the *modus operandi*, when Mr. Hooley came in and asked what the difficulty was. His own lawyer explained that it was not clear how the market premium on the Preference shares could be arranged. "How much does it come to?" asked Mr. Hooley. "Roughly, £37,000," was the answer. "Oh, that is soon settled," said the financier. "I will give £37,000 more for the concern; will that do?" And so it was settled. What wonder that he has gone broke!

It is clear, however, that matters cannot rest where they are now. Mr. Hooley must either repudiate the words which have been put into his mouth or he must publish a list of the newspapers and financial journalists who have obtained money from him by threats, together with the amount of their depredations. We still consider that there is little to choose between the giver and receiver of bribes. If the newspaper reports are true, we know who the giver was; by all means let us have the names of the receivers.

THE APOLLINARIS DIVIDEND.

We are sorry to see that the directors of this huge concern have divided profits up to the hilt, and the result has been to weaken rather than strengthen the price of shares. To carry £5000 to reserve in a company with a capital of three and a-quarter millions is rather like a man with an income of £50,000 a-year starting a Post Office Savings Bank account and paying in a five-pound note to provide for a rainy day, while the sum of £7600 appears none too large by way of a carry-forward. We are quite aware that a considerable sum has been spent out of revenue in pushing and advertising Apenta Water, but, all the same, it would have been far better policy on the part of the Board to have paid 5 per cent. and put aside a larger amount to meet the competition, which is growing every day.

C. A. PEARSON, LIMITED.

The report of this company will be published about the beginning of next month, but we venture to anticipate that it will show a profit balance of about £40,000, or perhaps rather more, which is about three times the sum required to pay the 5½ per cent. dividend upon the Cumulative Preference shares, which are at this moment slightly below par. There have been certain rumours as to the retirement of Mr. C. A. Pearson from the management, which to some extent account for the absurdly low price at which the shares stand; and we are, therefore, glad to be able to state that there is not the least chance of Mr. Pearson severing his connection with the company. What has happened is, briefly, that in consequence of ill-health Mr. Pearson has been obliged to relinquish the detailed management of the enterprise, and has exchanged the position he formerly held for that of chairman of the company, while Mr. Peter Keary, who for many years has been second in command, and a very large shareholder, has assumed the position of managing director. These changes are in no way likely to injure the company, while certain developments now in contemplation appear pretty sure to increase its yearly revenue.

NORTHERN TERRORS.

The views which Mr. Raymond Radclyffe expressed as to this company have been adversely criticised by some of our correspondents, but the following extracts from a letter written to us by a gentleman who was in Australia at the time of the flotation bear out the views which we have often expressed in these columns and speak eloquently for the accuracy of Mr. Radclyffe's observations—

NORTHERN TERRITORIES, ETC.

To the City Editor, *The Sketch*.

SIR,—I notice that someone has been adversely criticising Mr. Raymond Radclyffe's letter in *The Sketch* on the subject of the Northern Territories, Limited, and the W. A. Bottomley mines. Will you allow one who has had many years' experience of Australian mining to say that a better photograph of the position could not be produced than that pictured in Mr. Radclyffe's letter; and I do not remember to have seen before so straight and accurate a description of the precise value of the mines discussed. I was in Australia when the block of ground including the Howley and Eureka mines was taken up. The concession was obtained for practically nothing beyond, I think, a small rental, and you cannot imagine an adjective strong enough to describe the amazement with which Australians heard that the said concession had been sold for £225,000. For, remember, all the mines on the ground had been worked and abandoned, some of them two or three times, and, if you had sought all over Australia, you could not have sold even the freehold for £100 for mining purposes. True, though thousands had been sunk by previous companies in working the mines, it might be possible for further capital to make them pay, but to spend

£70,000 in machinery to work such mines is very much like finding £10,000 to run a greengrocer's stall. Taking the mines at their best—that is, putting full faith in the mining manager's reports—they could not pay dividends on an amount exceeding one-tenth of the nominal capital. . . . The Northern Territory has been a wonderful sponge. During the last twenty-five years over 150 companies or syndicates have been formed to work mines there, and not one has succeeded. Whether it is gold, or silver, or copper, or tin, each company has run the same course to disaster.

EX-AUSTRALIAN.

June 14, 1898.

A WHOLESALE MANUFACTURING JEWELLERY BUSINESS.

We hear that one of the highest-class wholesale jewellery businesses in the country is shortly to be formed into a joint-stock company, with, it is said, a capital of £120,000. The auditor's certificate has been shown to us, from which it appears that the profits for the last eleven years have been looked into, and that a steady and increasing business has been done, which for the years 1896-1897 shows a return of about £13,000, and for the last eight months of considerably more. The directorate will consist of practical men, with no figure-heads, and the promotion will be in the hands of the same people who handled Chadburn's Ship Telegraph Company. We are not allowed to give any further details at present, but if, when the full prospectus is in shape to be submitted for our inspection, the document bears out the verbal information given to us, we shall endeavour to obtain advance prospectuses for our correspondents and secure to such of them as desire it a favourable allotment. We understand the flotation will take place early in July.

ISSUES.

The Baku Russian Petroleum Company, Limited.—This prospectus reads very well, and the concern appears to be in the same hands that produced the Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Company, out of which investors have done so well. We confess, however, that we feel considerable doubt about the whole of the Russian petroleum trade, and ten years' purchase appears a very large price to pay, especially as not more than about one-half of this will, in all probability, find its way into the pockets of the Russian vendors. If our readers get an allotment, they will, no doubt, make money out of it; but our advice would be to realise at a moderate premium.

Davey, Paxman, and Company, Limited, are offering £100,000 of 4 per cent. debentures at 102. We are by no means in love with the investment, for the more one studies the list of assets, the more self-evident it becomes that, so long as the business is a paying one, the debentures are sure of their interest, but that in a break-up it is not likely they would ever see their capital again. Four per cent. debentures on an engineering business do not appear to us very attractive, unless covered by good freehold land, or some such security, which in this case is rather scanty.

The Venice Hotels, Limited, is issuing 6 per cent. Preference shares, but we do not suppose the public are likely to respond in a very generous spirit. The three hotels are about the best known in Venice, and we confess to some surprise that the profits of Danieli's have been so small. The average annual income from the three hotels is put down at just over £10,000, which makes the purchase price of £160,000 appear far too much; surely, if the English investor is driven to put his surplus cash into Italian hotels, he ought not to pay more than seven or eight years' purchase, considering the political state of the country, the risk of a higher exchange, and the great difficulty of managing hotel property from such a distance. Our readers will do well to leave this issue alone.

Saturday, June 18, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. J. H.—Your letter to the Editor has been passed on to us. As a "rank outsider," it is very likely the prospectus in question appeared to you most unsatisfactory. While you are asking questions the public has subscribed for the issue many times over, recognising a good thing when it is offered. When the Whiteley prospectus comes out, no doubt there will be a dozen futile questions you will want answered before you subscribe, and while you and persons of your type are hesitating, the shares will be all allotted. We happen to know that the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company is a good business, and we had, and have, no hesitation in recommending our readers to take the shares. We note that the questions you ask are not original, but have been suggested by various newspapers, who have probably not been paid as much as they think is their due.

E. R. T.—The proper price is about £1 3s. per share. We hear that there is a good market in Liverpool. If you write to the company's brokers you will be sure to buy at a fair price. The concern is full of work.

A. F.—We cannot recommend any outside dealers, either in the neighbourhood of Fenchurch Street Station or elsewhere. They are nearly all a pack of rogues.

L. M. A. N.—We see no reason to sell Imperial Continental Gas stock. It is first-rate stuff to hold. The other concern you mention is of a high class, and quite good to hold. You would be quite safe in buying a hundred *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref. shares or Mellin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. pref. shares, which have a twenty years' guarantee by Mellin's Food, Limited. Northern Pacific 4 per cent. Prior Lien bonds, and a few "Little Chats" would do well to round off your money.

BABY.—Fifty Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Company Ordinary shares at about £1 3s. and ten Pearson's 5½ Preference shares will suit your requirements.

TELEGRAPH.—The accounts will be made up annually to March 31, when a balance-sheet will be presented. It is quite impossible to take stock and do this twice a year. We expect an interim dividend will be paid about October.

GLEVUM.—The scheme appears to be the best thing under the circumstances. You can, of course, keep your coupons, and stand out; nobody can make you take paper for them; but it will probably be a case of cutting off your nose to spite your face. You will get paid in bonds as each coupon falls due, these bonds will have a market value, say about 80, and you will be able to sell them each half-year, and realise in cash, say, 80 per cent. of the proper dividend, or you can keep the bonds as an investment. If you do not fall in with the scheme, you can keep your coupons, but we fear you will not benefit by so doing.

JO-JO.—Your post-card contains a very interesting story, but we are at a loss to understand why it is told to us.

VERITAS.—No industrial share is free from the risks of trade. As to Pearson's, see this week's Notes. We think well of Webley's, but offer no opinion as to the Hotel shares.